

SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
OR,  
SONGS OF PRAISE  
—K— TO  
ALMIGHTY GOD

Upon several OCCASIONS.

Together with

THE SONG OF SONGS

Which is

SOLOMONS

First Turn'd, then Paraphrased in  
English Verse.

The Second Edition, Corrected, with  
an Addition of a Sacred Poem on  
DIVES and LAZARUS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Richard Northcott* Adjoyning to *St. Peters*  
*Alley* in *Cornhil*, and at the *Marriner* and *Anchor*,  
upon *New-Fish-street-Hill*, near *London Bridge*,  
1685.

Ann Chiche

Per Bootle





# THE PREFACE

**O**UR Blessed Saviour immediately before He went out to Suffer, Sung an Hymn, and his Disciples Sung with Him; After His Ascension into Heaven, the Apostles Sung the Praises of God, and Taught Others to do so; After Them, the Primitive Christians Sung; And so must the Christians of this Time. For if these should hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately Cry out: Should we be silent, even the Heathers might shame us. One of whom said formerly to his Friends, If I was a Nightingale, I would Sing like a Nightingale; But now I am a man I will Sing the praises of God, as long as I Live; And I would

## THE PREFACE

have you to Sing with Me ! Sing we then heartily to our good God, as it ever becometh us; So dear to us should the Concernment of Gods Honour be, that we should Solemnly own his Goodness, Power and Wisdom, even in those Works of his, wherein we have no Special Interest; For this we have the Example of Holy David and Others. But if we have not attained to so Divine a Frame, yet we should at least praise God for our own Mercies; Which are scarce Mercies, scarce our own, if they be not thankfully acknowledged to him that gave Them; Some of which are taken Notice of in the First Part of the Book. But who can express the Noble Acts of the Lord, or shew forth

## THE PREFACE

forth all His Praise ?

Solomons Song is an Heavenly Discourse between Christ and His Church; And O how he Loves her! How he extols her! How he admires Her! how he rejoyces in Her. It is a thing which cannot be duly thought upon without an Holy astonishment; As is his Majesty so is his Mercy, so is his Love, his Joy. Hence it is that the day of his Espousals (a day that Crown'd his Church with Infinite Happiness) it's Styled the day of the Gladness of his Heart. Ch. 5. 1.

In the Version I Look'd at the Words; In the Paraphrase at the Spiritual Sense; In the whole at the Edification of those who Love Our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity.

Worthy

## THE PREFACE,

Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Let Heaven and Earth Praise Him, Let Saints and Angels praise Him.

Let Gods Holy Church throughout all the World Praise him, Let all the Tongues and Tribes of the Earth Praise him, Let Time Praise him, Let Eternity Praise him, Let our Lips and Lives Praise him, Let our Soules Praise Him ; *And O may they be a Praise to the Riches of His Grace for Ever !*

THE



First Part.

I. **A** General Song of Praise to Almighty God.

II. Another.

III. A Song of Praise for Creation.

IV. A Song of Praise for Preservation.

V. A Song of Praise for Provision.

VI. A Song of Praise for Protection.

VII. A Song of Praise for Health.

VIII. A Song of Praise for Family Prosperity.

IX. A Song of Praise for good Success in Honest affairs.

X. A Song of Praise for the Morning

XI. A Song of Praise for the Evening.

XII. A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.

XIII. A Song of Praise for Christ.

XIV. A Song of Praise for Redemption.

XV. A Song of Praise for the Gospel.

XVI. A Song of Praise for a Gospel Ministry.

XVII. A Song of Praise for H. Baptism.

XVIII. A Song of Praise for the Lords Supper.

XIX. A Song of Praise for the Lords Day.

XX. Another.



# THE CONTENTS

XXI. *A Song of Praise for the Patience of God.*  
XXII. *A Song of Praise for the Pardon of Sin.*  
XXIII. *A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience.*

XXIV. *A Song of Praise for Joy in the H. Ghost.*

XXV. *A Song of Praise for Grace.*

XXVI. *A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer.*

XXVII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Enemies.*

XXVIII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Spiritual Troubles.*

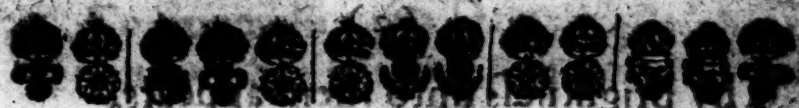
XXIX. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Imminent Danger of Death.*

XXX. *A Song of Praise for the Hope of Glory.*

XXXI. *A Song of Praise Collected out of the Book of Psalms.*

XXXII. *Another.*

XXXIII. *A Song of Praise Collected from the Doxologies in the Revelation of Saint John.*



# SONGS of PRAISE

## ALMIGHTY GOD

Upon Several OCCASIONS.

(3)

### I. A General Song of Praise to Almighty God.

**H**OW shall I Sing that Majesty  
Which Angels do Admire ?  
Let Dust in Dust and Silence lie,  
Sing, Sing ye Heav'nly Quire,  
Thousand of Thousands stand Around  
Thy Throne, O God, most High ;  
Ten Thousand times Ten thousand send  
Thy Praise ; But who are fit

B

Thy

## Songs of Praise

(2)

Thy Brightness unto them appears,  
Whilst I thy Footsteps trace.

A Sound of God comes to my Eares,  
But they behold thy Face.

They Sing because thou art their Sun,  
Lord, send a Beam on me,  
For where Heav'n is but once begun  
There Hallelujahs be.

(3)

Enlighten with Faiths Light my Heart,  
Enflame it with loves Fire,

Then shall I Sing and bear a part,  
With that Celestial Quire:

I shall I fear, be dark and Cold,

With all my Fire and Light :

Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,  
Lord treasure up my Mite.

(4)

How great a Being Lord is thine

Which doth all Beings keep!

Th

Thy knowledge is the only Line  
To Sound so vast a Deep.

Thou art a Sea without a shore,

A Sun without a Sphear,

Thy Time is now and evermore,

Thy Place is every where.

(5)

How good art thou whose Goodness is

Our Parent Nurse and Guide ;

Whose Streams do water Paradise

And all the Earth beside.

Thine upper and thy Nether Springs

Make both thy Worlds to thrive.

Under thy warm and sheltering wings

Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

(6)

Thine Arm of might, most mighty King,

Both Rocks and Hearts doth break.

My God, thou canst do every thing

But what would shew thee weak.

Thou canst not Cross thy self, or be

Less then thy self, or poor ;

B 2

But



**Songs of praise**

But whatsoever pleaseth Thee  
That canst thou do, and more?

(7)

VWho would not fear thy Searching Eye,  
Witness to all that's true?  
Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisie  
Lie plain before its View.  
Motions and thoughts before they grow  
Thy Knowledge doth Espy.  
VWhat unborn Ages are to do  
Is done before thine Eye.

(8)

Thy VVisdom, which both makes and  
VVe ever much Admire, Commends,  
Creation all our VVit Transcends;  
Redemption rises Higher.  
Thy wisdom guides stray'd Sinners home,  
I will make the dead VVorld rise,  
And bring those Prisoners to their Doom.  
Its Paths are Mysteries.

(9)

Great is thy Truth, and shall prevail  
To Unbelievers shame. Thy



**to Almighty God,**

5

Thy Truth and Years do never fail;  
Thou ever art the same.  
Unbelief is a Raging wave,  
Dashing against a Rock.  
If God do not his *Israel* Save,  
Then let *Egyptians* mock.

(10)

Most pure and Holy are thine Eyes,  
Most Holy is thy Name,  
Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties  
Thy Holiness proclaim.  
This is the Devils scourge and sting,  
This is the Angels Song,  
V Vho Holy, Holy, Holy Sing,  
In Heavenly *Canaans* Tongue.

(11)

Mercy, that shining Attribute;  
The Sinners hope and Plea!  
Huge Hosts of sins in their Pursuit  
Are drown'd in thy Red-Sea.  
Mercy is Gods Memorial,  
And in all Ages prais'd.

B. 3

My

## Songs of Praise

My God, thine only Son did fall,  
That Mercy might be Rais'd.

(12)

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,  
I Humbly here Adore,  
Shew Me thy Glory and thy Face,  
That I may praise Thee more.  
Since none can see thy Face and live,  
For me to die is best,  
Through *Jordan's* Streams who would not  
To Land at *Canaan's* Rest? (dive

---

## II. Another.

(1)

**W**Hat shall I Render to my God,  
For all his Gifts to Me?  
Sing Heav'n, and Earth, rejoyce and praise  
His Glorious Majestic.  
Bright Cherubims, swift Seraphims,  
Praise Him with all your might.  
Praise, praise Him all ye Hosts of Heav'n  
Praise Him ye Saints in Light,

## to Almighty God.

(2)

Ye blessed Patriarchs praise the Lord,  
For his first-Fruits are ye,  
Bless'd Prophets who dreamt here of God,  
Praise Him, whom now you see.  
Offer to God ye glorious Priests  
Your Sacrifice of praise :  
Sweet Psalmists, now your Hearts are fixt,  
Your tuneful Voices raise,

(3)

Ye twelve Apostles of the Lamb,  
Who here proclaim'd your King,  
And fill'd this World with holy Sounds,  
Loud Hallelujah's Sing.  
Triumphant Martyrs, ye did Fight,  
And fighting ye did fall,  
And falling ye took up a Crown,  
Crown Him who Crown'd you all.

(4)

Praise, praise Him, all ye saved Ones,  
From whom Salvation came.

## Songs of praise

Praise Him that Sits upon the Throne,  
And praise the Glorious Lamb,  
Praise, praise him, all ye Saints below,  
Praise him both East and West?  
Praise him, all ye Baptized Lands,  
Praise, whom ye have Profess'd.

(5)

O Praise him, all ye Crowned Heads,  
That own the Christian Name:  
Praise him, who is the King of Kings,  
Raise and Enlarge his Fame.  
Praise him, all Christian Magistrates,  
Gain Credit to his wayes:  
Praise him, ye Ministers of God,  
Teach others him to Praise.

(6)

Praise him our Famous Christian Isle,  
Praise him with one accord.  
Let every Tongue, let every Tribe  
Be Taught to Praise the Lord.  
Praise him, my Friends and Kindred all,  
O Praise him all your dayes,

My



to Almighty God.

My Mind, and Heart, my Lip, and Life  
Joyn to advance his Praise.

O Let me praise thee, whilst I live,

And praise thee, when I dye,

And Praise thee, when I rise again,

And to Eternity,

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost:

The Father sent his Son;

The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost,

For Mens Salvation.

(8)

Mysterious depths of Endless Love

Our Admirations raise.

My God, thy Name exalted is

Far above all our praise.

---

III. A Song of Praise for Creation.

**T**Hou wast, O God: And thou wast

Before the world began: (Blest

Of thine Eternity possesse,

Before times Glas did Run.

Thou



Thou needest none thy praise to Sing,  
 As if thy Joy could Fade.  
 Could'st thou have needed any thing,  
 Thou could'st it have nothing made.

(2)

Great and Good God, it pleased Thee  
 Thy God-Head to declare.  
 And what thy Goodness did decree  
 Thy Greatness did prepare.  
 Thou spak'st, and Heaven and Earth Ap-  
 And Answer'd to thy Call; (pear'd  
 As if their Makers Voice they heard  
 Which is the Creatures ALL.

(3)

Thou spak'st the Word, most mighty Lord,  
 Thy Word went forth with Speed,  
 Thy Will, O Lord, it was thy VVord,  
 Thy VVord it was thy Deed.  
 Thou brought'st forth Adam from the  
 And Eve out of his Side, (Ground,  
 Thy Blessing made the Earth abound  
 VVith these two multiply'd.

Those

to Almighty God.

(4)

Those three great Leaves, Heaven, Sea and  
Thy Name in Figures shew, (Land  
Brutes feel the bounty of thy Hand,

But I my Maker know,  
Should not I here thy Servant be,  
Whose Creatures serve me here?  
My Lord, whom should I fear but Thee;  
Who am thy Creatures Fear?

(5)

To whom, Lord, should I Sing but Thee,  
The Maker of my Tongue!  
Lo? Other Lords would Seize on Me,  
But I to Thee belong,  
As Waters hast unto their Sea,  
And Earth unto its Earth;  
So let my Soul return to Thee  
From whom it had its Birth.

(6)

But ah! I'm fallen in the Night,  
And cannot come to Thee.  
Yet Speak the Word, *Let there be Light*;  
It shall Enlighten me.

And

And let thy VVord, most Mighty Lord,  
 Thy Fallen Creature raise,  
 O make me o're again, and I  
 Shall Sing my Makers praise.

---

#### IV. A Song of Praise for Pre- servation.

(1)

**T**Hou Lord, who raised'st Heaven  
 and Earth,  
 Dost make thy building stand,  
 The Weight whereof doth wholly rest  
 On thine Almighty Hand.  
 Should'st thou withdraw thine Hand of  
 The Earth would quit its place. (might)  
 The shining Heaven would vanish Aweight  
 Into meer empty Space.

(2)

For as that Liquors Scent remains,  
 Which first the Cask did Fill;  
 So Feeble Creatures hold the Scent  
 Of their first nothing still.

Lord

ord, What is man, that Child of Pride,  
That boasts his High degree?  
If one poor moment he be Left,  
He Sinks, and where is He?

(3)  
In Thee I live and Move, and am;  
Thou deal'st me out my dayes;  
As thou renew'st my Being, Lord,  
Let me renew thy praise.

From thee I am, through thee I am;  
And for thee I must be.

Tis better for Me not to live,  
Then not to live to thee.

(4)  
My God, thou art my glorious Sun,  
By whose bright Beams I shine,  
As thou, Lord, ever art with Me,  
Let me be ever thine.

Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,  
Whose streams on me do flow,  
My self I render unto thee,  
To whom my self I ow.



44. **Songs of praise**  
(3)  
As Thou, Lord, an Immortal Soul  
Hast Breathed into me;  
So let my Soul be Breathing forth  
Immortal thanks to Thee.

---

V. **A Song of praise for bi-  
billion.**

(1)  
**C**OME, let us praise our Masters Hand  
Which gives us daily Bread,  
Thy House, my Lord, is full of Guests,  
Thy Table Richly Spread.  
Earth is thy Table, where thy Guests  
Do daily Sit and Feed.  
Thy Hand Carves every One his part  
And suffers None to need.

(2)  
Naked came I into the World,  
And Nothing with me brought;  
And nothing have I here deserved,  
Yet have I asked Naught.



I do not Bless my labouring Hand,  
My labouring Head or Chance.  
Thy Providence, most Gracious God,  
Is mine Inheritance.

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,  
A Table free from Scife.

Thy Blessing is the Staffe of Bread,  
VWhich is the Staffe of Life.

The people Sate in Companies,  
My Saviour Fed them all;  
So all the Families of the Earth  
Have Tables in Gods Hall.

The Vine and Olive branches too  
Are Nourish'd by thy Care.

Mercies we Eat, Mercies we drink,  
Mercies we daily wear,

Shall I repine against my God  
That keeps me all my dayes?

Then let my Tongue forget to tast,  
When it forgets to praise.

## VI A Song of Praise for Protection

(1)  
**M**Y God, my only Help and Hope  
 My strong and sure Defence,  
 For all my safety and my peace

I Bless thy Providence:  
 The daily favours of my God

I cannot Sing or larger  
 Yet let me make this Holy thank

I am th' Almightyes Charge,  
 Lord, in the day thou art about

The pathes wherein I tread,  
 And in the Night, when I lye down,

Thou art about my Bed,  
 I travel thro' the wilderness,

Free from the Beasts of prey,  
 The Wolves and Lions mowthe are stop'd,

The Serpents creep away,  
 In Preservation God Creates,

Delivers in Protection.

Lord,

to Almighty God.

17

Lord, every Moment of my Life

Is like a Resurrection.

A thousand Deaths I daily scape,

I pass by many a Pit.

I Sail by many dreadful Rocks,

Where Others have been Clin.

(4)

I see blind People with mine Eyes,

To Hospitals I walk,

I hear of them that cannot hear,

And of the Dumb I talk.

Lord, what am I that thou should'st shew

Such Favour unto me?

My Bones and Senses all must say,

Lord, who is like to Thee?

---

## VII. A Song of praise for health.

(1)

**H**ealth is a Jewel dropt from Heav'n,  
Which Money cannot buy,  
The Life of Life, the Bodies peace  
And pleasant Harmony.

G

Lord

Lord, who hast Tun'd my outward Ma  
 To such a lively Frame;  
 Skrew up my Heart-strings all, to make  
 Sweet Melody to thy Name.

(2)

Whilest Others in Gods Prisons Lie,  
 Bound with Afflictions Chains;  
 I walk at large, secure and free  
 From Sicknes and from Pains;  
 Their Life is Death, their Language Groans  
 Their Meat is Juice of Galls;  
 Their Friends, but strangers; Wealth, but  
 Their Houses, Prison-walls. (want

(3)

Their earnest Cries do pierce the Skies,  
 And shall I silent be?  
 Lord, was I sick as I am well,  
 Thou should'st have heard from me.  
 The Sick have not more cause to pray,  
 Then I to praise my King.  
 Since Nature teaches them to Groan,  
 Let Grace teach me to Sing.



(4)

See my Friends, I taste my Meat,

I'm free for mine Employ.

But when I do enjoy my God,

Then I my self enjoy.

Lord, who dost set me on my Feet,

Direct me in thy wayes.

O Crown thy gift of Health with grace

And turn it to thy praise.

# VIII. A Song of Praise for Family-Prosperity.

**T**Hy Blessing, Lord, doth multiply

One Jacob to two Bands,

One Person to a Family,

Which thro' thy Blessing stands.

On all my Flock both great and small

Thy Sun doth Sweetly Shine.

Thy fruitful drops do gently fall

On every Branch of mine.

(2)

Thy Blessing made the loaves to grow,

And multitudes were Fed.

## Songs of praise

My House is Fill'd and Feasted too,  
It is an House of Bread,  
How can I hear my Children Sing,  
And not Sing unto thee?  
Since they glad Newes from Heav'n do  
My God must hear from me: (bring,

(3)

Mine Olive Branches and my Vine  
Thrive by my Tables Side,  
Whilst others wither and decline,  
Who in Deaths Shade abide.  
With Covenant-Blood my posts are Red,  
'Tis on my-Lintle found.  
And Lo! the line of Scarlet thread  
Is on my window bound.

(4)

'Tis not, my God, my self alone,  
But mine, to thee I ow.  
Thou mad'st me many out of one,  
So let thy praises grow.  
Whatever Lord is done to thine,  
Thou count'st it done to thee

And

And whatsoever's done to mine,  
I Count it done to me.

(1)

Let me be ever good to thine,  
Who art so good to me;  
Let thine be mine and mine be thine,  
And they twice mine shall be;  
Then shall my House a Temple be,  
Then I and mine shall Sing  
Hosannas to thy Majestic,  
And praise our Heavenly King.

(2)

---

IX. A Song of Praise for good  
Success in honest Affairs.

(1)

**I**s not the Hand of God in this,  
Is not this End divine,  
Lord of Success, Thee will I Bless,  
Who on my paths doest shine,  
I Reap the Fruit of Gods Design,  
By Him it was foreseen.

C 2

He

He thought of this as well as I  
Or it had never been.



I Blindly guess'd, but he foreknew,  
I wish'd, he did Command.

Wherefore I praise his careful Eye  
And his Unerring Hand.

The Bow is drawn by Feeble Armes,  
Aim taken in the Dark.

A Providential Hand doth Guide  
The Arrow to the mark.

(3)

Except the Lord the City keep,  
The Watchman will be slain.

Except the Lord do Build the House,  
The Builder Builds in Vain.

Buildings are Babels ; Cities, Heaps,  
When thou send'st Curse or Flame,  
And labouring Heads that promise Fruit  
Oft bring forth Wind and chaff.

(4)

But thou hast Crown'd my actions, Lord  
With good Success to day.

Thi



to Almighty God.

23

This Crown together with my self  
At thy Blest Feet I lay,  
Lord who art pleas'd to prosper Me,  
To bless me in my wayes,  
Prosper my weak endeavouring Heart  
VVhich Aimeth at thy praise.

---

X. A Song of Praise for the  
Morning.

(1)

**M**Y God was with me all this Night,  
And gave Me sweet Repose;  
My God did watch even whilst I slept,  
Or I had never Rose.

How many Groan'd and wish'd for Sleep  
Until they wish'd for day.

Meas'ring slow Hours with their quick  
VVhilst I securely lay! (Paine)

(2)

VVhilst I did sleep all dangers slept;

No Thieves did me affright,

Those Evening VVolves, those Beasts of  
Disturbers of the Night, (Prey)

No Raging Flames nor stormes did Rend  
 The House that I was in,  
 I heard no dreadful cries without,  
 No doleful Groanes within.

(3)

What terrors have I Scap'd this Night  
 Which have on others Fell,  
 My Body might have slept its last,  
 My Soul have wak'd in Hell.  
 Sweet rest hath gain'd that Strength to  
 Which labour did Devour. (My,  
 My body was in weakness Sown,  
 But it is Rais'd in Power.

(4)

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night  
 My humble thanks I pay.  
 And unto thee I dedicate  
 The first Fruits of the day.  
 Let this day praise thee, O my God,  
 And so let all my dayes.  
 And O let mine Eternal day,  
 Be thine Eternal praise.

XI. A Song of Praise for the Evening.

(1)

**N**OW from the Altar of my Heart  
 Let Incense Flames arise.  
 Assist me, Lord, to offer up  
 Mine Evening Sacrifice.  
 Awake my Love; Awake my Joy,  
 Awake my Heart and Tongue.  
 Sleep not when Mercies loudly call:  
 Break forth into a Song.

(2)

Man's Life's a Book of History,  
 The Leaves thereof are dayes.  
 The Letters Mercies closely Joyn'd,  
 The Title is thy Praise.  
 This day God was my Sun and Shield  
 My Keeper and my Guide.  
 His care was on my Frailty shown,  
 His Mercies multiply'd.

Minutes.

(3)

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd  
 Have made up all this day ;  
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were  
 More Fleet and free then they.  
 New time, new Favours and new Joyes  
 Do a new Song require,  
 Till I shall praise Thee as I would,  
 Accept my Hearts desire.

(4)

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath Set  
 New Time upon my Score,  
 Then shall I praise for all my Time,  
 When Time shall be no more.

## XII. A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.

(1)

**A** Way dark thoughts. Awake, my Joy,  
 Awake, my Glory, Sing,  
 Sing Songs to Celebrate the Birth  
 Of Jacobs God and King.



to Almighty God.

27

O happy Night, that brought forth Light,  
Which makes the Blind to see!  
The day-Spring from on High came down  
To Cheer and Visit thee.

(2)

The wakeful Shepherds near their Flocks,  
Were watching for the Morn.  
But better Newes from Heav'n was  
Your Saviour is Born. (brought,  
In Bethlem-Town the Infant Lies  
Within a place obscure.

O Little Bethlem, poor in walls,  
But Rich in Furniture?

(3)

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,  
Hither the Angels Fly.  
Heark how the Heavenly Quire doth Sing,  
Glory to God on High.  
The News is Spread; the Church is glad,  
Simeon, o'come with Joy,  
Sings with the Infant in his Armes,  
Now let thy Servant die.

Wife

(4)

VVise Men from far beheld the Star,  
 VVhich was their faithful Guide,  
 Until it pointed forth the Babe,  
 And him they glorified.

Do Heaven and Earth rejoyce and Sing,  
 Shall we our Christ deny?  
 He's Born for us, and we for him.  
 Glory to God on High.

### XIII. A Song of Praise for Christ

(1)

I've found the Pearl of greatest price  
 My Heart doth Sing for Joy.  
 And Sing I must. A Christ I have;  
 O What a Christ have I!  
 Christ is the Way, the Truth and Life.  
 The Way to God and Glory.  
 Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types,  
 The Truth of Ancient Story.

(2)

Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King:  
 A Prophet full of Light,

TO ALMIGHTY GOD.

A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man.

A King that Rules with Might.

Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where,

The Altar, God doth Rest.

My Christ, He is the Sacrifice.

My Christ, He is the Priest.

(3)

My Christ, He is the Lord of Lords,

He is the King of Kings:

He is the Sun of Righteousness

With Healing in his Wings:

My Christ, He is the Tree of Life

Which in God's Garden grows,

Whose Fruits do Feed, whose Leaves do

My Christ is ~~Sharon~~ Rose. (Heal,

(4)

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,

My Physick and my Health;

My peace, my Strength, my joy, my Crown,

My Glory and my VVealth.

Christ is my Father and my Friend,

My Brother and my Love;

My

Songs of Praise  
Head, my Hope, my Counsellour,  
My Advocate above:

(5)

My Christ he is the Heaven of Heaven,  
My Christ what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is All in All:

---

XIV. A Song of Praise for Re-  
demption.

(1)

O That I had an Angels Tongue,  
That I might loudly Sing  
The Wonders of Redeeming Love,  
To thee my God and King.  
But Man, who at the Gates of Hell,  
Did pale, and speechless ly,  
Must find a Tongue and Time to speak  
Or else the Stones will cry,

(2)

Let the Redeemed of the Lord  
Their thankful Voices raise.  
Can we be Dumb, whilst Angels Sing  
Our great Redeemers Praise?

Con



Come, Let us joyn with Angels then,  
Glory to God on High,  
Peace upon Earth, Good-will to Men.  
Amen, Amen, say I.

(3)

Poor *Adam's* Race was Sathan's prey,  
And Dust the Serpent's Food.  
We that were doom'd to be devour'd,  
Naked and Trembling stood.  
A Wise Eternal Pity then  
Did helpless Man befriend.  
Our Help did in God's Bosom lie,  
And thence it did descend.

(4)

Love Clothed with Humility,  
Built here an House of Clay,  
In which it dwelt, and Rescu'd Man;  
The Devil lost his Prey.  
The spiteful Serpent bruis'd Christ's Heel  
But then Christ Brake his Head,  
And left him Nail'd upon the Cross,  
On which his Blood was Shed.

Sing

(5)

Sing and triumph in boundless Grace,  
 VWhich thus hath set thee free,  
 Extol with shouts, my saved Soul,  
 Thy Saviours love to thee.  
 Give Endless thanks to God and say,  
 VWhat love was this in thee,  
 That thou hast not withheld thy Son,  
 Thine only Son from Me.

(6)

What were Ten thousand Worlds to  
 Thine Image and delight, (Him)  
 Had we been all cast down to Hell,  
 Justice had had its Right.  
 Thy Glory might have been restrain'd,  
 Our Torments should express,  
 Thy Pureness, Justice, Might and Truth  
 And Everlastingness.

(7)

Thus, Lord thy dreadful Attributes,  
 Man might have serv'd to prove:  
 Thy Glorious Angels would have sung  
 The Riches of thy Love.

Would

Would'st thou have active Worshippers,  
Besides the Angels Quire?  
Millions had issu'd at thy Word,  
As Sparks arise from Fire.

(8)

Mans Room had quickly been Supply'd,  
For, Lord, at thy Command  
A New Creation should appear;  
Thy Grace could make them stand;  
Or Wouldst thou shew thy Pity, Lord?  
Thou might'st have looked then  
On Fallen Angels, Fallen Stars,  
And not on Fallen Men.

(6)

But Fallen Angels must be left,  
And Fallen Men must rise;  
For this the Son of God must fall,  
A Bloody Sacrifice.  
Thy Deep and Glorious Counsels, Lord,  
With Trembling I Adore.  
Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,  
Blessed for evermore.

D

XV.

34  
XV. A Song of Praise for the Gospel.

(1)

**B**lest be my God that I was Born,  
To hear the Joyful Sound ;  
That I was Born to be Baptiz'd,  
And bred on Holy ground.  
That I was Bred where God appears,  
In tokens of his Grace ;  
The Lines are Fallen unto me  
In a most pleasant place.

(2)

I might have been a Pagan Bred,  
Or else a Veiled Jew.  
Or Cheated with an *Alchoran*  
Among the Turkish Crew,  
Dumb pictures might have bin my book  
Dark Language my Devotion,  
And so I might with blinded Eyes  
Have Drunk a deadly Potion.

(3)

So in a Dungeon dark as Night  
I might have Spent my dayes,  
But thou hast sent me Gospel-Light,  
To thine Eternal Praise.

Th



100. 33  
The Sun which role up in the East  
And drove their Shades away ;  
His Healing Wings have reach'd the  
And turn'd our Night to Day. (West

(4)  
England at first an Egypt was,  
Since that proud Babel's Slave ;  
At last a Canaan it became,  
And then my Birth it gave.  
Blest be my God that I have slept  
The dismal Night away,  
Being kept in Providence's Womb  
To England's brightest day.

(5)  
Blest be my God for what I see,  
My God for what I hear ;  
I hear such blessed Newes from Heaven,  
Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.  
I hear my Lord for me was born,  
My Lord for Me did dy ;  
My Lord for me did Rise again,  
And did ascend on High.

(6)  
On High he stands to plead my Cause,  
And will return again,

And let Me on a Glorious Throne  
 That I with Him may Reigne  
 G'ory to God the Father be,  
 Glory to God the Son.  
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
 Glory to God Alone.

## XVI. A Song of Praise for a Gospel Ministry.

(1)

**F**Air are the Feet which bring the  
 Of Gladness unto Me ; (News  
 What Happy Messengers are these,  
 Which my bless'd Eyes do see !  
 These are the Stars which God appoints  
 For Guides unto my Eyes,  
 To Lead me unto *Bethlem-Town*,  
 VWhere my dear Saviour Lies.

(2)

These are my Gods Ambassadors,  
 By whom his Mind I know,  
 Gods Angels in his lower Heav'n,  
 Gods Trumpeters below,  
 The Trumpet Sounds, the Dead arise,  
 VWhich fell by *Adam's* Hand ;

Agai

Again the Trumpet Sounds, and they  
Set forth for *Canaans* Land.

(3)

The Servants Speak, but thou, Lord, dost  
An hearing Ear bestow :

They Smite the Rock, but thou my God  
Dost make the waters Flow.

They Shoot the Arrow, but thy Hand  
Doth drive the Arrow Home.

They call, but, Lord, thou dost Compell,  
And then thy Guests are come.

(4)

Angels that Fly and VVormes that creep,  
Are both alike to Thee.

If thou mak'st VVormes thine Angels,  
They bring my God to me. (Lord,

As Sons of Thunder, first they come,  
And I the Lightning Fear ;

But then they bring me to my Home,  
And Sons of Comfort are.

(5)

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,  
That I might never Stray,

The Clouds and Pillars March before  
And shew me *Canaans* way.

I bless my God who is my Guide,

I Sing in *Sions* ways,

When shall I Sing on *Sions* Hill

Thine Everlasting praise?

## XVII. A Song of Praise for Holy Baptisme.

(1)

**L**ord what is Man that Lump of Sin,  
Made up of Earth and Hell,

Not Fit to come within the Camp

Where Holy Angels dwell?

Man is a Leper from the VVomb,

An *Ethiopian* born,

A Traitour's Guilty Son and Heir,

VVorthy of pain and Scorn.

(2)

And dost thou look on such a one?

Are not thine Eyes most pure?

But they are Eyes of Pitty too,

Where Grieffs do beg a Cure,

This Leper is a Loathsom Sight,

But pity casts an Ey.

And bids him wash in *Jordans* Streams

To Cure his Leprosie.

This



(3)

This *Ethiopian* Skin is Chang'd,

And made as white as Snow.

When dipt in wonder-working Streams

Which from Christs Side did Flow.

As *Adam* slept, and from his Side

A killing *Eve* arose;

From my pierc'd Lord (that smitten Rock)

A pure Life-Fountain Flows.

(4)

Ah what a Tainted wretch is Man!

And so he must have stood.

But *Loe!* an Act of Sovereign Grace

Restores him to his blood.

Save me, my God; for I am thine,

Lord, own thy Seal to me.

O wash my Soul till it be Cleans'd

And purify'd for thee.

(5)

Blest above Streams is *Jordans* Flood

Which toucheth *Canaans* shore.

I'll Sing thy praise in *Jordans* Streams,

In *Canaan* Evermore.

XVIII. A Song of Praise for the Lords Supper.

**O** Praise the Lord, praise him, praise him,  
Sing Praises to his Name. (him,  
O all ye Saints of Heav'n and Earth,  
Extol and laud the same.  
VWho Spared not his only Son,  
But gave Him for us all,  
And made Him drink the Cup of VVrath,  
The VVormwood and the Gall.

(2)  
Frail Nature shrunk and did Request  
That bitter Cup might pass,  
But He must drink it off, and this  
The Fathers Pleasure was.  
Lo then I Come to do thy Will,  
His Blessed Son Reply'd,  
Yielding Himself to God and Man,  
He stretch'd His Armes and dy'd.

(3)  
He dy'd indeed, but Rose again,  
And did Ascend on High,

Tha

to Almighty God.

41

That we poor Sinners lost and Dead  
Might Live Eternally.

Good Lord, how many Souls in Hell  
Doth Vengeance vex and tear,  
Were it not for a dying Christ,  
Our Dwelling had been there.

(4)

His Blood was shed in stead of ours,  
His Soul our Hell did bear,

He took our Sin, gave us Himself,  
What an Exchange is here!

Whatever is not Hell it self,  
For me it is too good.

But must we Eat the Flesh of Christ,  
And must we drink his Blood?

(5)

His Flesh is Heavenly Food indeed,

His Blood is Drink Divine,

His Graces drop like Honey falls,

His Comforts tast like Wine.

Sweet Christ, thou hast refresh'd our Souls

With thine abundant Grace;

For which we magnifie thy Name,

Longing to see thy Face,

When

(9)

When shall our Souls mount up to thee?  
 Most Holy, Just and true,  
 To Eat that Bread and drink that Wine  
 Which is for ever New?

# XIX. A Song of Praise for the Lords Day.

(1)

**M**Y Lord my Love was Crucified:  
 He all the pains did bear,  
 But in the Sweetness of his Rest  
 He makes his Servants Share.  
 How Sweetly rest thy Saints above  
 VVhich in thy Bosom Ly?  
 Thy Church below doth rest in hope  
 Of that Felicity.

(2)

Thou, Lord, who dayly feed'st thy Sheep,  
 Mak'st them a weekly Feast.  
 Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds  
 Upon this day of rest.  
 VVelcome and dear unto my Soul  
 Are these sweet Feasts of Love,  
 But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
 VVhen I shall rest above?



(3)

Bless thy wise and wondrous Love,  
Which binds us to be Free,  
Which makes us leave our Earthly Snare,  
That we may come to Thee.  
Come, I Wait, I Hear, I Pray.  
Thy Footsteps Lord I Trace,  
Sing to think this is the way  
Unto my Saviours Face.

(4)

These are my Preparation days;  
And when my Soul is Drest,  
These Sabbaths shall deliver me  
To mine Eternal rest.

XX. Another

(1)

**B**est day of God, most Calm, most  
The first and best of days, (bright;  
The Lab'ours Rest, the Saints delight,  
A day of Mirth and praise.  
My Saviours Face did make thee Shine,  
His Rising did thee Raise.  
This made thee Heavenly and Divine,  
Beyond the Common days.

The

(2)

The first Fruits do a Blessing prove  
 To all the Sheaves behind.  
 And they that do a Sabbath love,  
 An happy VWeek shall find.  
 My Lord on Thee his Name did Fix;  
 VWhich makes thee Rich and Gay.  
 Amidst his Golden Candlesticks  
 My Saviour walks this day.

(3)

He walks in's Robes, his Face shines bright  
 The Stars are in his Hand,  
 Out of his Mouth that place of Might  
 A Two-Edg'd Sword doth stand.  
 Grac'd with our Lords Appearance thus  
 As well as with his Name.  
 Thou may'st demand Respect from us  
 Upon a double Claim.

(4)

This day God doth his Vessels broach  
 His Conduits Run with VVine.  
 He that loves not this Days approach  
 Scorns Heaven and Saviour shine.

What

What Slaves are those who Slav'ry choose;  
And Garlick for their Feast,  
Whilst Milk and Honey they refuse,  
And the Almighty's Rest?

(5)

This Market day doth Saints Enrich  
And Smiles upon them all.  
It is their *Pentecost*, on which  
The Holy Ghost doth fall.  
O Day of Wonders! Mercies Pawn;  
The weary Souls Recruit,  
The Christians *Goshen*, Heavens Dawn,  
The Bud of Endless Fruit!

(6)

Oh could I love as I have lov'd  
Thy Watches heretofore;  
As *England's* Glory thou hast prov'd  
May'st thou be so yet more.  
This day must I for God appear,  
For, Lord, the day is thine.  
O let me spend it in thy Fear,  
Then shall the day be mine;

Cease

40 Songs of Praise  
Cease Work and Play throughout  
That I to God may rest.  
Now let me Talk with God, and Wa  
With God, and I am Bless

## XXI. A Song of Praise for the Patience of God.

(1)  
**A** Lmighty God, how hast thou bore  
Wrongs not to be exprest,  
Daring Rebellion, Injur'd Love,  
Light quenched in my Breast!  
Man would be God, and down he fell  
To teach him better Skill:  
Yet he lifts up his bruised Bones  
Against his Maker still.

(2)  
Lord, what a Monster is base Man  
Thus given to Rebel  
O that thou dost nor Cleave the Earth,  
And send him quick to Hell!  
His Sins for Wages loudly Cry,  
Justice with dreadful Sound  
Cries too, Cut down this fruitless Tree  
V Why Cumbers it the Ground,



(3)

But God waves his Advantages  
Of Right and Vengeance too,  
And by his single Patience  
Doth daring Man out-do.  
The Creature doth disdain his God,  
By whom he is Maintain'd.  
Yet God Maintains this Rebel-worm  
By whom he is disdain'd.

(4)

Fool, Ask not where th' Almighty is,  
All Glory to Him give.  
Is not his Power most fully prov'd  
In Suffering thee to Live?  
Was He not God, he could not bear  
Such Weights as on Him ly;  
Weak things are quickly set on Fire,  
And to their Weapons Fly.

(5)

Why should not Patience make me Sing,  
When Hell would make Me Roar?  
Lord, let thy Patience End in Love,  
I'll Sing for Evermore.

## XXII. A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.

(1)

**M**Y God a God of Pardon is,  
 His Bosom gives me Ease;  
 I have not, do not please my God,  
 Yet Mercy Him doth please.  
 My Sins aloud for Vengeance call,  
 But Lo! a Fountain Springs  
 From Christ's pierc'd Side, which loude  
 And speaketh better Things, (crie

(2)

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns,  
 But Mercies Height exceeds.  
 Gods Mercy is above the Heav'ns,  
 Above my sinful deeds.  
 My Sins are many, like the Stars,  
 Or Sands upon the Shore;  
 But yet the Mercies of my God  
 Are infinitely more.

(3)

My Sins in Bigness do arise  
 Like Mountains great and Tall,

But Mercy, like a mighty Sea,

Covers these Mountains all.

This is a Sea that's Bottomless,

A Sea without a Shore.

For where Sin hath abounded much,

Mercy abounds much more.

Manasseh, Paul and Magdalen

Were pardon'd all by Thee.

I Read it and Believe it, Lord,

For thou hast pardon'd Me.

When God shall search the World for Sin,

What trembling will be there?

O Rocks and Mountains Cover us,

VVill be the Sinners prayer.

But the Lambs wrath they need not fear

VVho once have felt his Love.

And they that walk with God below

Shall dwell with God above.

Rage Earth and Hell, come Life, come

Yet still my Song shall be, (Death,

God was and is and will be good

And Merciful to Me.

# XXIII. A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience.

(1)

**M**Y God, my reconciled God,  
 Creator of my Peace,  
 Thee will I Love, and praise, and Sing,  
 Till Life and Breath shall Cease,  
 My thoughts did Rage, my Soul was toss'd  
 'Twas like a troubled Sea.  
 But what a Mighty Voice is this  
 Which winds and waves Obey?

(2)

God spake the word, *Peace and be still,*  
 My Sins, those Mutineers  
 With speed went off and took their flight  
 Where now are all my fears? (flight)  
 The World can neither give nor take,  
 Nor yet can understand  
 That Peace of God, which Christ hath  
 And gives me with his Hand. (bought)

(3)

This is my Saviour's Legacie,  
 Confirm'd by his de cease;



to Almighty GOD.

31

Ye shall have trouble in the World,  
In Me ye shall have Peace;  
And so it is; The World doth Rage,  
But Peace in Me doth Reign.  
And whilst my God maintains the Fort,  
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

(4)  
The burning Bush was not Consum'd,  
Whilst God remained there:  
The Three, when Christ did make the  
Found Fire as meek as Air. (Fourth,  
So is my Mem'ry stuff'd with Sins,  
Enough to make an Hell;  
And yet my Conscience is not Scorcht,  
For God in Me doth dwell.

(5)  
Where God doth dwell, sure Heav'n is  
And Singing there must be. (there,  
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heav'n  
Whom should I Sing but Thee?  
My God, my reconciled God,  
Creator of my Peace,  
Thee will I Love, and praise, and Sing,  
Till Life and Breath shall Cease.

E 2

XXIV.

# XXIV. A Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost

(1)

**M**Y Soul doth magnifie the Lord,  
My Spirit doth rejoyce  
In God my Saviour and my God.

I hear his Joyful voice;

I need not go abroad for Joy,

Who have a Feast at Home.

My Sighs are turned into Songs.

The Comforter is come.

(2)

Down from above the Blessed Dove

Is come into my Breast,

To witness Gods Eternal Love;

This is my Heavenly Feast.

This makes me Abba Father Cry

With Confidence of Soul.

It makes me Cry, my Lord, my God,

And that without Controul.

(3)

There is a Stream, which Issues forth

From Gods Eternal Throne,

And

And from the Lamb ; a living Stream,  
 Clear as the Cristal Stone ;  
 This Stream doth water Paradise,  
 It makes the Angels Sing ;  
 One Cordial drop Revives my Heart ;  
 Hence all my Joys do Spring.

(4)

Such Joys as are Unspeakable  
 And full of Glory too ;  
 Such hidden Manna, Hidden Pearls,  
 As VVorldlings do not Know.  
 Ey hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,  
 From Fancy 'tis Conceal'd  
 VVhat Thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine ;  
 And hast to me reveal'd.

(5)

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,  
 I taste thy Sweetest Love ;  
 My Soul doth leap ; But O for wings,  
 The wings of Noahs Dove !  
 Then should I Flee far hence away,  
 Leaving this world of Sin ;  
 Then should my Lord put forth his Hand  
 And kindly take me in.

(6)

Then should my Soul with Angels Feast  
 On Joys that always last ;  
 Blest be my God, the God of Joy,  
 VVho gives Me here a tast.

## XXV. A Song of Praise for Grace

(1)

O God of Grace, who hast Restor'd  
 Thine Image unto Me,  
 VVhich by my Sins was quite defac'd,  
 VVhat shall I render Thee ?  
 Thine Image and Inscription, Lord,  
 Upon my Heart I bear ;  
 Thine own I render unto Thee,  
 O God, my God most dear.

(2)

My self I ow Thee for my self  
 VVhom Thou didst make of Earth,  
 But Thou hast made me ore again,  
 Thou gav'st a Second Birth.  
 Twice born and twice Endur'd with Life,  
 I hast to come to Thee,  
 To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my  
 VVith all Humility. (Heart

O



( 3 )

O was I Born first from Beneath ?

And then Born from above ?

Am I a Child of Man and God ?

O Rich and endless Love !

VWhen I had broke the Tables, Lord,

New Tables Thou didst Hew,

And with thy Finger didst Engrave

Thy Laws on them anew.

( 4 )

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurse,

And Earth must be my Tomb.

Yet God, the God of Heav'n and Earth

My Father is become.

Hell enter'd Me, and into Hell

I quickly should have Run.

But O ! kind Heaven laid hold on Me ;

Heav'n is in Me begun.

( 5 )

This Spark will rise into a Flame,

This Seed into a Tree ;

My Songs shall rise, my Praises shall

Loud Hallelujahs be.

# XXVI. A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer.

(1)

**W**hat are the Heav'ns, O God of Heaven?

Thou art more bright, more High.

What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints;  
To thy bright Majesty?

Th'art far above the Songs of Heaven  
Sung by thy Holy Ones,

And dost thou Stoop and Bow thine Ear  
To a poor Sinners Groans?

(2)

God minds the Language of my Heart,

My Groans and Sighs he hears,

He hath a Book for my Requests,

A Bottle for my Tears,

But did not my dear Saviours blood

First wash away their Guilt,

My Sighs would prove but empty Air,

My Tears would all be Spilt.

(3)

Lord, thine Eternal Spirit was

My Advocate within;

But

But O! my Smoke joy'd with thy Flare,  
My Prayer was mixt with Sin;  
But then Christ was my Altar, and  
My Advocate above,  
His blood did clear my Prayer, and gain'd  
An Answer full of Love,

(4)

It could not be that thou shouldst Hear  
A Mortal sinful VVorm.  
But that my Prayers presented are  
In a more glorious Form.  
Christ's precious Hands took my Requests,  
And turn'd my dross to Gold;  
His blood put warmth into my Prayers,  
VVhich were by Nature cold,

(5)

Thou heard'st my Groans for Jesus sake,  
VVhom thou dost Hear alwayes.  
Lord, Hear through that prevailing Name  
My Voice of Joy and Praise,

58 Songs of Praise  
XXVII. A Song of Praise for Deliverance from Enemies.

(1)  
**G**reat God, who dost the VWorld  
Command,

Thou Check'st both winds and wayes.  
The Devils, which like Lions Roar,  
Are thine Enchained Slaves.

The Sons of Rage are Smoaking Brands  
And Idols Fear'd in vain;

Thou Lord, the only, only God  
Their Fury doth restrain.

(2)  
Thou Lord didst Smooth fierce Esau's Brow  
And Change his Murm'ring Breath;  
Thou gav'st to him a Brothers Heart,  
Who Vow'd his Brothers Death.

Angels have Arm'd at thy Command;  
And Stars have Shot their Dart;  
Nature hath fought; and Miracles  
Have took thy Churches part.

(3)  
Thee, Lord, who still thy Church dost  
All Creatures must obey. (Love,  
And when for thine thou dost Arise,  
Their Enemies where are they?



cry'd to Heaven in my Distress,  
I to my God did Flee;  
He with Compassion heard my cry,  
He did Arise for Me.

(4)  
With humble Fear and thankful Joy,  
Lord, at thy Feet I Fall,  
Unfeignedly acknowledging,  
That thou alone dost all.  
Thou art all Power, thou art all Love,  
And so thou art to Me.  
Blest be my God, now and henceforth,  
And to Eternity.

XXVIII. A Song of Praise for Deli-  
verance from spiritual Troubles.

(1)  
**I** That am drawn out of the Depth,  
Will Sing upon the Shore.  
I that in Hells dark Suburbs lay,  
Pure Mercy will Adore.  
The Terrours of the living God  
My Soul did so affright,  
I Fear'd, lest I should be Condemn'd  
To an Eternal Night.

(2)

Kind was the pity of my Friends,  
 But could not Ease my Smart;  
 Their words indeed did reach my Case  
 But could not reach my Heart.  
 Ah then what was this World to Me,  
 To whom Gods Word was dark!  
 Who in my Dungeon cou'd not see  
 One Beam or shining Spark.

(3)

What then were all the Creatures Smiles,  
 When the Creator frown'd?  
 My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,  
 My Being was my wound.  
 Tortur'd and wrack'd with Hellish fears,  
 VVhen God the blow should give,  
 Mine Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,  
 Then Mercy bid me live.

(4)

Gods Furnace doth in *Sion* stand,  
 But *Sions* God Sits by;  
 As the Refiner Views his Gold,  
 VVith an observant Ey.  
 Gods Thoughts are high, his Love is wise,  
 His VVounds a Cure intend;

And

And that He doth not alwayes Smile,  
He loves unto the End.

(5)  
Thy Love is constant to its Line,  
Tho' Clouds oft come between.  
O could my Faith but pierce these Clouds,  
It might be alwayes seen.  
But I am weak, and forc'd to Cry,  
Take up my Soul to Thee,  
Then as thou ever art the same,  
So shall I ever be.

(6)  
Then shall I ever, ever Sing,  
Whilest thou dost ever Shine,  
I have thine own dear Pledge for this  
Lord, thou art ever mine.

XXIX. A Song of Praise for Deliv-  
erance from imminent danger  
of Death.

(1)  
**L**ord of my Life, length of my Days,  
Thy Hand hath rescu'd me.

Who

Who lying at the Gates of Death  
 Among the Dead was Free;  
 My dearest Friends I had resign'd  
 Unto their Makers care;  
 Me thought I only time had left  
 For a concluding Prayer.

(2)  
 Me thoughts Death laid his Hand on me  
 And did his Prisoner Bind;  
 And by the Sound me thought I heard  
 His Masters Feet behind;  
 Me thoughts I stood upon the Shore,  
 And nothing could I see;  
 But the Vast Ocean with my Eyes;  
 A Vast Eternity.

(3)  
 Me thoughts I heard the Midnight Cry,  
 Behold the Bridegroom comes:  
 Me thoughts I was call'd to the Bar,  
 Where Souls receive their Dooms;  
 The World was at an End to me,  
 As if it all did Burn:  
 But Lo! there came a Voice from Heaven,  
 Which order'd my Return.



(4)

Lord, I return'd at thy Command.

What wilt thou have me do?

O let me wholly live to Thee,

To whom my Life I ow.

Faine would I dedicate to Thee

The Remnant of my Dayes.

Lord, with my Life renew my Heart,

That both thy Name may praise.

XXX. A Song of Praise for the  
Hope of Glory.

(1)

I Sojourn in a Vale of Tears.

Alas, how can I Sing!

My Harp doth on the Villows hang,

Dis-tun'd in every String.

My Musick is a Captives Chains,

Harsh Sounds my Ears do Fill.

How shall I Sing Sweet Sions Song

On this Side Sions Hill?

(2)

Yet Lo I hear a Joyful Sound

Surely I quickly come.

Each

Each word much sweetness doth distill  
Like a full Honey Comb.

And dost thou come my dearest Lord?

And dost thou surely come?

And dost thou surely quickly come?

Me thinks I am at Home.

(3)

Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,

My Sweetest, surest Friend.

Come, for I Loath these Kedar Tents,

Thy Fairy Chariots send.

What have I here; My thoughts and Joys,

Are all pack'd up and gone.

My Eager Soul would follow them

To thine Eternal Throne.

(4)

What have I in this barren Land?

My Jesus is not here.

Mine Eyes will ne're be Blest on thee

My Jesus doth Appear?

My Jesus is gone up to Heaven

To get a place for Me.

For 'tis his Will that where he is,

There should his Servants be.

Canaan

(5)

*Canaan* I view from *Pisgahs* top ;  
 Of *Canaans* Grapes I tast.  
 My Lord who sends unto me here  
 Will Send for Me at last.  
 I have a God that Changerth not:  
 Why should I be perplext ?  
 My God that owns Me in this World;  
 Will own Me in the next.

(6)

Go fearless then, my Soul; with God;  
 Into another Room.  
 Thou who hast walked with him here;  
 Go see thy God at Home.  
 View Death with a Believing Ey.  
 It hath an Angels Face.  
 And this kind Angel will prefer  
 Thee to an Angels place.

(7)

The Grave is but a Fining Pot  
 Unto Believing Eyes :  
 For there the Flesh shall lose its dross,  
 And like the Sun shall rise.

F

The

The world, which I have known too well  
 Hath mock'd Me with its Lies,  
 How gladly could I leave behind  
 Its vexing Vanities ?

(8)

My dearest Friends they dwell above,  
 Them will I go to See,  
 And all my Friends in Christ below  
 Will soon come after Me.  
 Fear not the Trumps Earth-rending  
 Dread not the Day of Doom. (Sound,  
 For He that is to be thy Judge,  
 Thy Saviour is become.

(9)

Blest be my God that gives me Light,  
 Who in the dark did Grope.  
 Blest be my God, the God of Love,  
 Who causeth me to hope.  
 Here's the Words Signer, Comforts Staffe,  
 And here is Graces Chain.  
 By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know  
 My Hopes are not in Vain.



XXXI. A Song of Praises, Collected out of the Book of Psalms.

(1)

Pf. 135. **O** Praise the Lord, Praise him;

1. Praise Him,

Praise Him with one accord.

Praise Him, praise Him all ye that be

The Servants of the Lord.

47. 6. Sing Praises to our God, Sing Praise,  
Sing Praises to our King.

Praise to the King of all the Earth,

With understanding Sing.

(2)

103. 1. My Soul give Laud unto the Lord ;

My Spirit shall do the same,

And all the Secrets of my Heart,

Praise ye his Holy Name.

Pf. 95. 6. Come let us Bow and Praise the

Before him let us Fall ; ( Lord ;

And kneel to Him with one accord ;

For He hath made us all.

(3)

7. He is the Lord ; He is our God,

For us He doth provide.

We are his Flock, he doth us feed,  
His Sheep, he doth us Guide.

118. 21. I will give thanks unto the Lord,  
Because he hath heard Me;  
And is become most lovingly  
A Saviour unto Me.

(4)

13. The Lord is my defence and strength,  
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song.  
He is become for me indeed  
A Saviour most strong.

28. Thou art my God, I will Confess  
And render thanks to Thee,  
Thou art my God, and I will praise  
Thy mercy towards Me.

(3)

29. O give Ye thanks unto the Lord,  
For Gracious is He:  
Because his Mercy doth endure  
For ever towards Me.

---

XXXII. Another

(1)

Ps. 28. **T**O render thanks unto the Lord  
How great a Cause have I,  
My

**'to Almighty God.**

69

My Voice, my Prayer and my Complaint  
That heard so willingly ?

59. 17. Thou art my strength, thou hast me  
O Lord, I Sing to Thee, (Stay'd,  
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,  
A Loving God to me,

(2)

73. 25. What thing is there that I can wish  
But Thee in Heav'n above ?

And in the Earth there is nothing  
Like Thee that I can Love.

36. 9. For why ? the Well of Life so pure  
Doth ever flow from Thee ;  
And in thy Light we are full sure  
The lasting Light to see.

(3)

27. 15. My heart would faint, but that in me  
This hope is Fixed fast,

The Lord Gods good Grace shall I see  
In Life that ay shall last.

48. 13. For this God is our God, our God  
For evermore is He.

This God of ours even unto Death  
Our faithful Guide will be,

F 3

When

(4)

17. 17. When I awake I shall behold  
In righteousness thy Face.

And I shall be most like to Thee,  
Even filled with thy Grace.

16. 11. Full Joys are in thy presence Lord,  
( A Sweet and precious Store )

My God at thy right Hand there are  
Pleasures for evermore.

(5)

103. 21. Ye Angels which are great in Power  
Praise Ye and Bless the Lord,

Which to obey and do His will  
Immediately accord.

22. Yea all his workes in every place  
Praise ye His Holy Name.

My Heart, my Mind and all my Soul  
For ever praise the same.

XXXIII. A Song of Praise Col-  
lected from the Doxologies in  
the Revelation of St. John.

(1)

Re. 1. **T**O Him that lov'd us from  
Himself,

And dy'd to do us good.

And



to Almighty God.

71

And wash us from our Scarlet Sins,  
In His own purest Blood,  
6. And made us Kings and Priests to God  
His Father Infinite,  
To Him Eternal Glory be,  
And Everlasting Might.

(2)

5. 12. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,  
To have all power and wealth,  
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,  
Thanks for his Saving Health.  
13. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Power to him  
That on the Throne doth Sit;  
And to the Lamb for ever and  
For ever so be it.

(3)

7. 9. Thousands of Thousands of the Saints  
Which stand before their King,  
With Shining Robes and Spreading  
Loud Hallelujahs Sing. (Palmes)  
10. Ascribe Salvation to our God  
Who Sits upon the Throne,

F 4

And

And to the Lamb, the Glorious Lamb  
Ascribe Salvation.

(4)

11. 12. *Amen, Amen*, the Angels cry,  
Salvation is his due.

And we through all Eternity  
His praises will Renew.

Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,  
Honour and Power then  
Be to our God for evermore,  
For evermore, *Amen*.

THE



THE  
SONG of SONGS  
WHICH IS  
SOLOMONS  
First Turned then Paraphrased in  
*English Verse.*

---

*The* VERSION.

CHAP. I.

V. 1. *The Song which doth all Songs excell,  
Written by Solomon,  
The Wisest King of Israel  
And Blessed Davids Son.*

[*Dialogue*]

**The Church to CHRIST**

2. **C**ome near, Come nearer yet and  
Thy Sweetest lips to mine, move  
For why? Thy Love (who art all Love)  
Exceeds the Richest Wine.

Like

3. Like to an Ointment poured o it  
 Is thy Sweet Name and Favour :  
 Glad Virgins Compass Thee about  
 For thy good Ointments Savour.

4. O draw Me with thy Cords of Love,  
 VVe will Run after Thee.

The King into his Rooms above  
 Hath now Conducted Me.

Thy Beams will make our Faces shine,  
 In Thee we will Rejoyce,

Thy love is more to us then VVine,  
 Thou art the uprights Choice,

5. Ye Daughters of *Ierusalem*,

Tho' I am Black, yet Fair ;

Like *Kedars* Tents, like Ornaments  
 VVhich *Solomons* Bed doth wear.

6. Look not with a disdainful Ey  
 Upon my Sun-Burnt Face.

My Mothers Children Rag'd at Me  
 And wrought me much disgrace,

Such was their Envy, such their Grudge,  
 Their Vines must be inspected,

VVhilest



**Why thy is SOLOMONS.** 75

VWhilest at their Vines I was their Drudge,  
Mine own were quite neglected.

7. But, O Thou whom my Soul doth love,  
Tell Me now from thy Breast,

VWhere feeds thy Flock; where doth it  
VWhere is its Noon-tide rest? (move)

VWhy should I stray and lose my way,  
Till I at last do Fall.

Among thy Fellowes Flocks, as they  
Themselves do proudly call?

**CHRIST.**

8. O Fairest Fair, then go and Trace  
The Footsteps of my Sheep,  
And Feed<sup>m</sup> my Kids beside the place  
Where my good Shepherd's keep.

9. My Love, I have compared Thee  
To those Egyptian Mares  
Which in King Pharaoh's Chariots Flee.  
O Fairest of all Faires!

10. Thy Cheeks are comely to behold  
Which Rome's of Jewels Deck,  
Large Chains of pure and Shining Gold,  
Adorn thy Royal Neck.

11. I and my Father, we will make  
 Borders of Gold for Thee,  
 With Silver Studs for thy dear Sake,  
 That thou may'st Richer be.

## The Church.

12. The King doth at his Table sit,  
 And I that love Him well  
 Do poure my Spikenard on his Feet,  
 Which gives a Fragrant smell,

13. My Welbeloved is to Me  
 A Pomander of Myrrh;  
 Betwixt my Breasts all Night shall He  
 Be Lodg'd and never Scir.

14. My Welbeloved is to Me  
 Like Aromatick Wines;  
 Like Clusters of the Camphire-Tree,  
 Among Engeddi-Vines,

## CHRIST.

15. Lo thou art Fair, my only Love,  
 My Love, Lo thou art Fair.  
 Thou art my Love, thou art my Dove,  
 Doves Eyes in Thee appear.

**The Church.**

16. Nay, my Beloved, Thou art Fair,  
My Fairness is from Thee.  
And thou art Sweet beyond Compare.  
VWhat a green Bed have we !

17. The Beams are Cedars where we dwell,  
So strong they will not Stir.  
The Rafter send a pleasant smell,  
For they are made of Fir.

**The PARAPHRASE.**

**CHAP. I.**

1. Now will I Sing of Christ the King  
And of his Church the Queen.  
The Song of Songs to them belongs,  
Where their pure Flames are seen.

[ Dialogue ]

**The Church to CHRIST.**

2. **L** Et my dear Saviours Love appear  
By some assuring Sign;  
Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul dost Chear,  
When thou say'st, I am thine.

Let

Let others on their Dainties Feed  
 And drink the richest VVine;  
 My Feast doth all their Feasts exceed,  
 VVhen thou say'st; I am thine.

3. Thy word which Sounds thy mighty  
 And how good thou hast been; (Fame;  
 Doth so revive that for the Sime;  
 Soules love Thee; tho' unseen;  
 Souls of an Heavenly make and Frame;  
 The Joyful Heires of Grace;  
 Do tast such Sweetness in thy Name;  
 They long to see thy Face:

4. Fain would I, but I cannot move;  
 Sin hath Enfeebled Me.  
 O draw me with thy Cords of Love;  
 I will Run after Thee.  
 Thou hear'st, thou draw'st, I come, I come;  
 Thy Love (my God) is Sweet.  
 Thy presence-Chamber is the Room  
 VVhere Soules and Joyes do meet.  
 Our Earthly pleasures we forget,  
 To think upon Thy Love.



All upright Soules their Minds do set  
On Thee, my Lord, above.

5. Tho' I to Strangers Black do Seem  
And under Foot am Trod,  
Yet am I Fair in Heavens esteem,  
I am the House of God.

6. O do not Scorn my outward state,  
Ye know not what's within.  
Whom God doth love, how dare ye hate?  
My Saviour hides my Sin.

Profest Church-Members should have  
Some Comfort to my Mind; (brought  
But did they Treat Me as they ought,  
Alas they prov'd unkind.

Their Anger did my words controul,  
They Bow'd me to their Will,  
And so my own immortal Soul  
Declin'd and Fared ill.

7. Pity my tempted state, O Lord,  
Whom still I do adore.

O bring Me home by thy good word,  
My lapsed Soul Restore.

Since,

60 The Song of Songs  
Since, Lord, thy Mercy still abides,  
Shall I be lost among  
False flocks, false doctrines, & false guides,  
Which do thine Honour wrong?

### CHRIST

8. My Church, to Me the World is dress;  
And thou a Pearl of price;  
And art thou Stray'd and at a Loss?  
Attend to my Advice:  
Look back upon my Church of old  
And Mark which way they went;  
And let thy Childrens Eyes behold  
The Pastours I have Sent.
9. As Pharaohs Horses ( Egypts Pride )  
Is Deem'd the Choicest Breed;  
So thou my Church, my Fairest Bride  
All Fair ones doth exceed:
10. Mans Eyes the outward state behold,  
Mine Eyes are on thy Heart;  
Whilest others Shine with Pearl and Gold,  
Through Grace thou Lovely art.

My

11. My Soul that Loves Thee is so glad  
Thy Stock of Grace to see,  
I and my Father, we will adde  
A New Supply to thee.

### The Church

12. My King doth Sit in Heaven above,  
Where Angels do attend:  
And from below, my Faith and Love  
Shall to my King ascend.

13. My Faith ascends unto my Lord,  
And brings him down to Me.  
My Love a Bosom doth afford,  
Where He shall Lodged be.

O the Sweet time, as if I was  
Reigning in Heaven above;  
When once my Soul doth Christ embrace  
In Arms of Faith and Love!

14. It is so Sweet, when we do meet,  
My Joyes in Christ exceed  
The Sweetest Smells, and Tasts, and Sights;  
Which can our Senses Feed.

CHRIST

# The Song of Songs CHRIST.

15. My Dearest Church, I do admire,  
The Beanties of thy Mind,  
So meek, so harmles, so intire,  
So Faithful and so kind.

## The Church.

16. My dearest Lord, Thou art the Sun  
By whose bright Beams I Shine.  
And then my Glory first begun,  
When thou becamest mine.  
Since thou art mine, and I am thine,  
A Numerous Race doth Flow  
In every place, which to thy Grace  
Their Birth and Being ow,

17. The Dear Assemblies of thy Saints,  
VWhere thou my Lord dost dwell,  
Are Sweet and pure, and shall endure  
Against the Gates of Hell.

---

## The VERSION.

CHAP. II.

## CHRIST.

1. I am the Rose of Sharon-Field,  
I am the Lilly White,

T



which is SOLOMONS.

83

The Lilly, which the Valley's yield,  
I am both Sweet and Bright.

2. What are Thorns in th' account of Men  
Unto the Lilly Bright?

What are the fairest Daughters, when  
My Love appears in Sight?

### The Church.

3. What are the Common Tree's oth'  
Unto the Apple-Tree? (VVood

What is the Rich and Noblest Blood,  
My Lovely Lord, to Thee?

I Sate rejoycing in Times past

Under his cooling Shade;

His Fruit was Sweet unto my tast,

O what a Feast I made!

4. Unto his Cellars Stor'd with VVines,  
He caus'd Me to remove:

Over my Head abroad He Spread  
The Banner of his Love.

5. Give Flagons for a Cordial,  
Bring Apples Me to Chear,

84      **The Song of Songs**

For I am sick, I Faint, I Fall,  
I Languish for my Dear.

6. His left Hand underneath my Head,  
For my Support is plac'd.  
His Right Hand over me is Spread,  
And thus I am Embrac'd.

7. O *Salems* Daughters, you I Charge,  
Both by the Roe and Hind,  
Ye do not move nor Stir my Love,  
Until it be his mind.

8. My Welbeloveds Voice of Joy  
My Heart with comfort fills.  
He comes leaping on Mountains High,  
And Skipping on the Hills.

9. My Welbeloved comes in hast,  
Like a Swift-Footed Roe.  
Nay, my Beloved flies so Fast,  
Young Hart did never so.  
Behind our Wall, Lo! He doth stand,  
He's at our Windowes seen.  
He shewes Himself so near at Hand,  
There's but a Grate between.

which is SOLOMONS.

81

10. I gladly heard His Gracious Tone,  
Who thus to me did say,  
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest one,  
Make hast and come away.

11. The Season of the Year Invites,  
The Winter's gone and past.  
Behold a Spring of new delights!  
No Rain, nor Stormy Blast.

12. The Flowers upon the Earth appear;  
The Birds begin to Sing;  
The people of our Land do hear  
The Turtles Murmuring.

13. Green Figs upon their Trees are grown,  
Young Grapes their Smells display.  
Rise up, my Love, my Fairest one,  
Make hast and come away.

14. O my Fair Dove, whose Fairness dwells  
In Dark obscurity,  
In Cloven Rocks and Secret Cells,  
Come, Shew thy self to Me.  
O Let thy Face to Me appear,  
Let Thy Voice answer Mine.

# The Song of Songs

Thy Voice is Musick in mine Ear,  
Thy Countenance doth Shine.

15. Catch us the Foxes in a Toyl,  
The little Foxes catch,  
For they our Fruitful Vines do Spoil,  
Their tender Grapes they Snatch.

16. My VVelbeloved, He is mine,  
And I am his indeed.  
In Pastures, which with Lillies Shine,  
He makes his Flock to Feed.

17. Till the day break and Shades depart  
Beloved, hast to Me.  
Even as the Roe and tender Hart  
On Bether-Mountains Flee.

---

## The PARAPHRASE

### CHAP. II.

### CHRIST.

1. **S**uch is the Power of my Sweet Love,  
My Church it Sweeteneth.  
It Sweetens Earth and Heaven above.  
It Sweetens Life and Death.

Such



## Which is SOLOMONS. 87

Such is the Beauty of my Face,  
'Tis with such Glories Crown'd,  
That Solomons Glory must give place  
To what Shines Me around.  
As Lillies in the Valleys grow,  
So I the Valleys own.

The Humble are my Heaven below,  
The Lowly are my Throne.

2. No comely Persons can I see,  
But whom my Grace adorns,  
My Church a Lilly is to Me,  
And all the Rest are Thorns.

### The Church.

3. None but a Jesus, none but He  
He is the Chiefest good.

My Jesus is an Apple Tree,  
And others Barren VVood.

He is a Shadow from the heat  
Of Conscience, wrath and Hell.

He is true Manns, Heavenly Meat,  
VVhich Feeds his Israel.

The Shadow of his Sacraments  
Hath been exceeding good.

38 The Song of Songs

Under that Shade a Feast I made  
Upon his flesh and Blood.

4. My Christ is like a Cellar Stor'd  
With Sweet and precious Wine.  
What Sweetness found I in my Lord,  
When He said, I am thine !  
As Souldiers to their Colours stand,  
And after them do move.  
So doth my Dearest Lord Command,  
And draw Me by his Love.

5. Nothing but Glory can Suffice  
The Appetite of Grace.  
I long for Christ with Restless Eyes,  
I Languish for his Face.  
O Take Me up, or let Me Sup  
On Promises Divine,  
Those Apples from the Tree of Life,  
Those Flagons full of Wine.

6. How am I Born, Whilest Sick of Love,  
In those Blest Hands of His ?  
His Left my Soules Support doth prove,  
His Right my Comfort is,

And

which is SOLOMONS. 89

7. And whilest his Love doth Me inflame,  
Hear what a Charge I give.

All ye that own his Sacred Name,  
Do not his Spirit Grieve.

He is all Love, He is my Love,  
O do not Him abuse.

Do not again put Him to pain

Dear Christians, Turn not Jewes,  
Lord, leave us not, yet if thou wilt,  
With Tears we'll own thy Right,  
But a deparrure forc'd by Guilt  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

8. My dearest Saviours Voice I hear,

He comes on my account,

Nothing can stop His full Career,

No, not corruptions Mount.

9. My Lord makes hast from Heaven to

And He himself presents, (Earth,

To Men of a Polluted Birth,

By Word and Sacraments.

Tho', Like a VVall, our Frail Estate

Prevents a perfect Sight,

Yet

## The Song of Songs

Yet thro' his Ordinances Gate  
Dart in some Beams of Light

10. My Lord to Me did thus begin,  
Arise, my Love, and Flee  
From world, Flesh, Sathan, Self and Sin,  
O come away to Me.

11. Time was, when thou wast cold and  
An Heir of wrath thou wast, (dead,  
And Vengeance-Storms hung o're thy  
But those Sad dayes are past: (Head,

12. The Flowers of Grace begin to Spring  
In Thee so hopefully.  
That all the Heavenly Quire doth Sing,  
Glory to God on High.

13. My Church thou art my tender  
My dewes have nourisht Thee (Plant,  
Now thou art mine, now thou must  
Tby Fruit, thy Self to Me. (Grant

14. My Heartless Dove, why dost thou  
And hide thy self from Me? (Faint  
Thou



Thou know'st not how I love a Saint,  
 How welcom thou shouldest be.  
 Come, Come before thy Lord appear,  
 Thy Person Joyes my Sight.  
 Let me thy Prayers and Prailes hear,  
 Thy Voice is my delight.

15. Ye Men of God whose Charge it is  
 In Gods Courts to attend,  
 Restrain those Enemies of his,  
 VVhich do his Church offend.

16. Mine through my Faith is my Dear  
 His through his Love am I, (I ord,  
 He Feeds his People with his VVord,  
 VVhich tastes most pleasantly.

17. He Feeds them with his VVord of  
 Till Glories day appears. ( Grace,  
 VVhich all the Shades away shall Chase  
 Of Sins, and Grieffs, and feares,  
 Come Love, Come Lord, come that long  
 My only expectation. ( Day  
 Shovell these days out of the way,  
 These Hills of Separation.

## The VERSION.

## CHAP III.

## The Church.

1. **H**Im whom my Soul doth Love, I  
By Night upon my Bed, (sought  
I Sought Him, But I found Him not.  
My Soules delight was Fled.

2. And Sluggish I here? I'll now arise  
And go about the Town,  
I'll Search the streets and broader ways,  
Untill I find my own,  
Up did I get, and out I went  
My dearest to regain.  
But when I had my labour Spent,  
Alas! it was in Vain.

3. The City-Watch did light on Me,  
Of whom I did Enquire,  
In any street, pray, Did ye See  
The Man, whom I admire?

4. 'Twas but a little while that I  
Had from the Watch-men passed,

But

But I did find my only Joy,  
And then I held Him Fast.  
I held and would not let Him go  
Till I had brought Him home;  
Into my Mothers House, and so  
Into my Native-Room.

5. O *Salems* Daughters, you I Charge  
Both by the Roe and Hind.  
Ye do not move, nor 'wake my Love,  
Until it be his Mind.

## The Daughters of Jerusalem:

6. *What Smoaky Pillar* strait from hence  
*Out of that Desert* rises,  
*Perfum'd with Myrrh and Frankincense*  
*And all the Merchants Spices ?*

## The Church

7. Such Ornaments His Bed do grace,  
As *Solomons* Bed Commend ;  
Where Threescore Men of *Israels* Race,  
His Valiant Guards attend,  
8. They all hold Swords courageously,  
They all know how to Fight.

Each

64      **The Song of Songs**

Each hath his Sword upon his Thigh,  
Because of Fear i'th' Night.

9. The Chariot of King Solomon;  
Which for himself he made;  
Was of the Wood of Lebanon;  
Which Silver pillars had.

10. Gold was the Bottom, and above  
Rich Purple Cover'd it,  
The midst thereof was pay'd with Love,  
For Salems Daughters Fit.

11. Look, Virgins, on King Solomon,  
His Crown so Rich, so Gay,  
Wherewith his Mother Crown'd him on  
His Joyful Marriage-day.

---

**The PARAPHRASE.**

**CHAP. III.**

**The Church.**

1. **O** Nce did I seek my dearest Lord,  
But with a Sleepy Mind;  
His Presence He did not afford;  
Slack Seekers cannot find.

2. Shall



1. Shall I, said I, foregoe my Christ,  
And so close up mine Eyes ?

No, No, He was so dearly mist,  
I could not but arise.

My Bed was Thorns, no Bed for Me,  
Nothing could give Me rest,

Till I my dearest Lord might see,  
And Lean upon his Breast :

When private means could not prevail,  
In publick Him I sought.

I waited, till my Eyes did fail,  
Alas, I found Him not.

3. Gods Holy Watchmen did Me find,  
Of whom I did enquire,

Pray, can ye help my troubled Mind,  
Which doth a Christ desire.

O Happy Stars, if ye might be  
My Guides to Jesus now !

Seers, did ye my Saviour see ?

Pray tell me where and how ?

Means must be us'd, but cannot heal  
Without a Sovereign Word.

## 68 The Song of Songs

Christ only can Himself reveal :

And still I lack'd my Lord.

4. One Dark Hour more I did Sustain;  
And then the Night was past.

Tho' I had Sought so long in Vain,  
I found my Lord at last.

I found my Lord and held Him Fast,  
And would not let Him part:

My New found Jesus I embrac'd  
And Lodg'd Him in my Heart:

I would not lose my Christ again,  
And gain a Second Hell.

My Prayers and Tears did him constrain  
Within my Soul to dwell

As Cloudes are pierc'd with powerfull  
His Beams thro' Me did Shine. (light,

His dear Assemblies Saw this Sight,  
And Joy'd that Christ was mine.

5. Christ's Love my Heart doth so inflame,  
This Charge I needs must give.

All ye that own his Sacred Name,  
Do not his Spirit Grieve.

He is all Love, He is my Love,  
O do not Him abuse;

Do

Do not again put Him to pain,  
Dear Christians; Turn not *Jews*.  
Lord, leave us not; yet if thou wilt  
With Tears we'll own thy Right;  
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt,  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

# Weak Believers.

6. *What Heavenly Souls from Earth Arise,  
And do at Heaven Aspire !  
They Mount, they Soar, they Fix their Eyes  
On God their chief Desire.  
Earth's Wilderness they Nobly Scorn  
Whilst Others Rake for it.  
Heavens Graces them do so Adorn,  
That they for Heaven are Fit.*

# The Church

71. Admire not Me, but my dear Lord,  
Whose Bosom Gives me Rest.  
Whose Angels watch with one Accord,  
That none should Me molest.

8. These Heavenly Guards are full of  
And ready do they stand, (might,  
H For

For to defend his Churches Right,  
 When he shall them Command.  
 When Darkness breeds tormenting Fear,  
 Then Help comes from on High :  
 A strengthening Angel doth appear  
 Amidst that Agony.

9. Heaven is the High and Glorious  
 Of my most Glorious Lord. (Throne  
 Who yet on Earth rides up and down  
 I' th' Chariot of his Word.

10. His Word is Rich, and strong, and  
 As all his Saints do prove ; (Pure,  
 Who of its true Intent are sure,  
 And find, Its Heart is Love.

11. Go ye that own the Highest Name,  
 Behold a glorious Shew,  
 How the Almighty spreads his Fame,  
 And what his Word can do.  
 This mighty King Rides Conquering,  
 His Word goes forth with Might ;  
 Which woos and wins the Slaves of Sin  
 Both by its Force and Light,

Thos



Those Slaves their Hellish Lords forsake,  
 And Christ do humbly own,  
 And as his Spouse, He them doth take,  
 And wears them as his Crown.  
 Great was their need; Greater his Love  
 Then their Necessity.  
 As well they may, Glad do they prove,  
 But not so glad as He.

---

The VERSION.

CHAP. IV.

CHRIST.

1. **L**O, thou art Fair, my only Love,  
 My Love, Lo thou art Fair.

Thine Eyes are like those of the Dove  
 Within thy Locks of Hair.

Thy Hairy Locks are like Goates Flocks  
 Which from Mount Gilead look;

2. So are thy Teeth like Well-Shorn-Sheep,  
 Come from the Washing Brook.

They Pregnant are as well as Fair,  
 For Fruit as well as View.

## The Song of Songs

For each of them Her Twins doth bear,  
There's not one Barren Ear.

3. Thy Lips are like a Scarlet-thread,  
Thy Speech is Sweet and Fine,  
Within thy Locks thy Temples Red  
Like Broke Pomegranate Shine.

4. Thy Neck is like to Davids Tower  
Strong-Built and raised High,  
A Thousand Shields for Men of power  
Hang in that Armory.

5. Thy two Breasts are like two Young Roe  
Well Shap'd and well agreed,  
For they are loving Twins, and those  
Among the Lillies Feed.

6. Untill the Day have Chas'd away  
The Dusky Shades, I will  
Betake Me to the Mount of Myrrh  
And to the Intense Hill.

7. All over Fair, my Love, thou art,  
And so thou Seem'st to Me.

**Which is SOLOMONS.**

There is not one uncomely part,  
Not one dark Spot in thee.

8. Come, Love, with Me from Lebanon,  
From Lebanon with Me,  
Since thou and I are joyn'd in One,  
Thy Lebanon I'll be.

From Shenira Top, From Hermon Look,  
And from Amana High,  
Those Lions Dens must be forsook,  
And where the Leopards Ly.

9. My Spouse, my Sister, Thou hast Gain'd  
A perfect Victory  
Over my Heart by thy bright Chain,  
And by thy Brighter Ey.

10. How fair and pleasant is thy Love,  
My dearest Sponse to Me!  
O how I prize it far above  
The Richest Wines that be!  
O how my Sisters Ointments smell  
What Sweetness do they yield!  
This pleasant Scent doth far Excel  
The Sweet Arabian Field.

11. Thy Lips drop like the Honey Comb,  
There Milk with Honey Flows.

I Smell the Smells of Lebanon, from  
The Garments of my Spouse.

12. My Sister and my Spouse is Veil'd,  
That She may be Suppos'd.

A Spring Shut up, a Fountain Seal'd,  
A Garden well Enclos'd.

13. Thou hast a pleasant Nursery,  
Where Sweet Pomegranate Grow,  
And Fruits which please both Taste and Ey,  
There too the Spices Flow.

14. As Camphire ; Spikenard, Calamus,  
Saffron and Cinamon,  
Myrrh, Aloes, and Incense Trees,  
With each Spice of Renown.

15. A Garden-Fountain is my Love,  
A Living Well is She ;  
Like Lebanon's Streams which Swiftly Flow  
And down to Jordan Flee. (move

The



The Church.

16. Am I a Garden? Then, O North,  
Awake and on it Breathe.

Thy quickening Breath will Summon  
The Odours from beneath. (forth

Am I a Garden? Then, O South,  
Come, on this Garden Blow.

One Sovereign Blast out of thy Mouth  
Will make its Spices Flow:

Then, Then, into his Paradise

Let my Beloved Come,

And Eat his Fruits and get his Spice,

And count Himself at Home,

---

The PARAPHRASE

CHAP. IV.

CHRIST.

1. **M**Y Dearest Church, I do Admire  
The Beauties of thy Mind,

So meek, So harmless, So intire.

So Loyal, and so Kind,

Even thy Profession I Esteem,

Because it Springs from Grace,

Which makes Thee yet more comely seem,  
As Hair Adorns the Face.

2. Thy Pastours which prepare thy Food,  
Do in their Minds agree;  
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,  
And bring much Fruit to Me.

3. Thy Speech so season'd is with Grace,  
That many Hearts it moves.  
And Graces Colour in thy Face  
Its great Advantage proves.

4. Thy Faith which Jayns thee to thy Head,  
Doth shield thine inward Parts.  
This Shield hath oft Extinguished  
The Devils Fiery Darts.

5. The two Breasts of thy Testaments  
Most Friendly do Accord,  
Which Nourishment and sweet Content  
To New-born Babes afford.  
The Cries of a distressed Soul,  
These Breasts of Comfort still.

These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes  
These Breasts the Hungry Fill. (sad.

6. I be

6. The Word is here the Churches Fare,  
 And Faith the Churches Light,  
 Till Shades give way to Glories Day  
 Then shall She Live by Sight,  
 Mean while my Gracious Presence shall  
 Her Dear Assemblies Fill,  
 Her Prayers shall be most Sweet to Me  
 Sweet as the Incense-Hill:  
 Mean while my Glorious Presence shall  
 Fill Heaven, that Holy Ground,  
 Where Cherubims and Seraphims  
 Their Hallelujahs Sound.

7. My Dearest Church, How clear art thou,  
 On whom no Sin remains!  
 My Blood apply'd hath purify'd  
 Thee from thy Guilts and Stains,  
 Thou art to Me as white as Snow,  
 And tho' Thou Sinnest Still,  
 Grace keeps Thee in, thou canst not Sin  
 With full Consent of Will.

8. Let my Fair Glories Thee intice  
 To come along with Me,  
 Forsake

Forſake thine Earthly Paradife,  
 Thy Paradife I'll be.  
 Birth, Pleaſures, Riches, Friends and  
 Are all Summ'd up in Me. (Fame  
 O that thou knew'ſt how good I am!  
 Come now and Taſt and See.  
 This World's an howling Wilderneſs  
 Fill'd with the Beaſts of Prey.  
 Whileſt that they Rage, Roar and oppreſs,  
 On Canaan Fix thine Ey.

6. My Heaven-Born Spouſe, whom I embrace  
 My Joy and Crown thou art.  
 Thine Ey of Faith, thy Chain of Grace  
 Have overcome my Heart.

10. My Deareſt Spouſe of Heavenly Birth,  
 Thy Love is more to Me  
 Than all the Pleaſures of the Earth,  
 And Sweet thy Graces be.

11. Thy Speeches in thy Heart are bred,  
 And Sweetly do they Flow.  
 Thy Works do ſuch a Savour Spread,  
 As Lebanon's Spices do.

12. Diſguiſed



**Which is SOLOMONS.**

807

12. Disguised to the World thou go'st;  
Heaven in a Mystery.

To Me thou run'st, to Me thou Flow'st.  
None knows thy worth but I.

As thou art Mine, so I am thine.

My Love doth guard thy Heart.  
Thy Heart's with Me, my Love's with thee.

My Church, How safe thou art!

13. 14. My Church, Thou art a Paradise.  
Where Fruits and Spices grow.

Fair are thy Fruits, and from thy Spice  
The Sweetest Odours Flow.

The tender Plants thy Children are,  
Their Graces, Fruits and Spice;

I am the Tree of Life in Thee,  
My Church, my Paradise.

15. Thou art a Spring, which to thy Plants  
Dost thy pure Streams derive:

Under thine Ey and Ministry  
Thy Blest Assemblies Thrive.

**The Church.**

16. My Lord, if I a Garden am,  
Then let thy Spirit Blow,

And

And with its Gales refresh the same,  
 And make my Graces Flow  
 And when thy Spirit thus hath blown,  
 And I do Flourish most,  
 Then let my Dearest Lord come down,  
 And Feed upon his Cost,  
 So poor I am, So great thou art,  
 Thee, Lord, how can I Feast?  
 Furnish the Table of my Heart,  
 Then come and be my Guest.

---

The VERSION.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST

1. **I**'M come into my Paradise,  
 My Sister and my Spouse,  
 I've gather'd of my Myrrh and Spice  
 Which in my Garden Growes.  
 My Honey Comb and Honey too  
 Have been my Sweet repast,  
 My Wine, my Milk which here do Flow,  
 Have Cheerd my Heart and Taste.  
 My Friends and Dear Companions,  
 Come, Feast your selves with Me.

Drink

Drink, O my Welbelov'd Ones,

Tea, drink abundantly.

**The Church**

2. I Sleep, but yet my Heart doth wake ;

Heark ; my Belov'd one

Doth Knock and call, I can't mistake

His Knock, his Tread, his Tone,

Open to Me, my Fathers Child,

Open to Me, my Love,

Open to Me, my Undeild,

Open to Me, my Dove.

Open to Me, that wait for Thee,

My Head is Fill'd with Dew,

And all my Locks with Evening-drops,

Let's have an Enterview.

3. My Coat is off, and how shall I

Put on my Coat again ?

Should I come o're the Dusty Floor,

My Wash'd Feet to Stain ?

4. My Dearest then by the Key-hole

His willing Hand did move.

Which when I did perceive, my Soul

Was touch'd with Grief and Love.

5. Rowz'd

## **The Song of Songs**

5. Rowz'd by this Passion, I did Stir  
And answer'd to his call,  
My Hands and Fingers drop'd with Myrrh  
Which from the Lock did Fall.

6. Then did I open to my Dear ;  
But He ( Alas ! ) was gone ;  
He whom I did so lately hear,  
Me thoughts I was undone.

I Sought him whom my Soul Ador'd  
But him I could not have.

I Call'd and Cry'd, my Love, my Lord !  
But He no answer gave.

7. Then did the cruel City Watch  
Smite Me and Wound me Sore.  
The keepers of the Walls did Snatch  
Away the Veil I wore.

8. O Daughters of Jerusalem,  
I Charge you if ye find  
My Glorious Dear, that He may hear,  
My Love afflicts my Mind.

## **The Daughters of Jerusalem.**

9. What Jewel is this Dear of Thine,  
O Fairest, Let us know,

Wherein



Wherein do thine others Out-Shine,  
That thou dost Charge us so?

**The Church.**

10. My Dear delight is Red and white,  
The Lilly and the Rose.

So Sweet a Grace adorns his Face,  
Ten Thousand He out-goes.

11. His Head is like the Finest Gold,  
And curled Locks doth wear,  
Which do the Ravens Colour hold.  
So comely is his Hair.

12. His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves,  
Which on the Banks are met,  
And do the Streams of water Love,  
Milk-washt and Fitly Set.

13. His Cheekes are like a Spicy Bed,  
Where all perfumes do meet.  
His Lips like Lillies, whence is Shed  
The Myrrh that Smells so Sweet.

14. His Hands are like the Chrysolite  
In Rings of Gold display'd,

His Belly is like Ivory Bright  
With Sapphires overlayd:

15. His Legs like Marble-Pillars are  
On Golden Sockets Set:  
His Face, like Lebanon, is most Fair,  
Like Cedars most compleat.

16. His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,  
Yea, He is wholly So;  
Down from his Head unto his Feet  
With Sweetness He doth flow.  
O *Salem's* Daughters, This is He  
Of whom ye did Enquire  
This is the Friend that loveth Me,  
This is my Hearts Desire.

---

The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST

1. **M**y Love ( my Dearest ) hath Me  
brought  
Whether thou didst invite.  
Thy Graces which my Hand hath brought  
Have been my Souls delight.

Thou

**Which is SOLOMONS.**

*Thou art a Vine, which with thy Wine,  
Both God and Man dost Chear;  
Feed on the Fruits prepar'd in Thee,  
A Constant Feast is there.*

**The Church.**

2. Such drowsiness doth Me possess,  
I Live and yet I dy.  
Some life I have, no Livelyness.  
How dark and cold am I  
Here in the Dark and deep I Grope,  
Who us'd to Live above.  
Where is my Faith? Where is my  
Where is my wonted Love. (Hope?  
It is no Strangers Voice I hear,  
I know it is my Lords.  
He knocks both at my Heart and Ear,  
These are his Loving words;  
Open to Me, my Fathers Child,  
Open to Me, my Love,  
Open to Me, my Undefil'd,  
Open to Me, my Dove,  
My Gracious Patience hath stood  
Long waiting at thy Door.

I

Fain

114 The Song of Songs

Fain would I enter for thy good;  
Slight not thy Saviour.

3. One would have thought such melting  
Should break an Heart of Steel. (Words  
But I ( Alas ! ) so Stupid was,  
Their force I did not Feel.  
My answer was to this Effect,  
Lord, now I am at ease.  
And Lord, if I should thee respect,  
My Friends I should displease.  
Thy Service, Lord, would Cost Me dear,  
The World would Me molest.  
Thy heavy Cross how can I bear?  
Do not disturb my Rest.

4. My Lord to this made no reply,  
Only on Me He cast  
A Sad and a rebuking Ey,  
On which this Sense I pass'd.  
Dost thou my Patience thus requite,  
To make it longer bear?  
Dost all my Love and Sufferings Slight,  
I Look'd for better Fare.

Thi



This Stir'd my Love, my Grief and  
Which put Me to such pain, (Shame

5. That I resolv'd, what ever came,  
To own my Christ again,  
Accurst Temptations, be ye Gone,  
And do not Me Restraine,  
Sathan Avaunts Let Me alone,  
Ile have my Christ again.

This Resolution gave some Ease  
To my distressed Mind,  
My Grievs did then begin to Cease  
When I to Christ inclin'd.

6. But when I did my Self address  
My Saviour to embrace,  
Alas for my Unworthiness  
My Saviour hid his Face.  
For He is Great as well as Good  
And will not be disdain'd,  
Then His kind words, which I withstood,  
My Conscience Sorely pain'd,  
O Then I wish'd a Thousand times  
That I had been so Wise,  
To shake off my Security,  
When Christ bade Me arise.

I Sought him dally in his Word,  
 But him I could not have.  
 I call'd and cry'd, My Love, my Lord I,  
 But He no Answer gave.

7. Earth did oppress whom Heaven  
 Nothing but Grievs I found; (forlook,  
 For they who to my Soul should look,  
 My Soul did pierce and wound.  
 Their words and deeds d'd both  
 To Grieve my griev'd Heart, (Conspire,  
 Their Scorns and Jears were Swords and  
 Which did increase my Smart, (Spears,  
 But still my greatest wound was here,  
 My Lord I could not find;  
 Had I my Lord, I should not care,  
 Tho' others prov'd unkind.

8. Another Course I straightwayes took,  
 I did Repair to those  
 VVho Sion-wards do often look,  
 And did my Case propose.  
 Blest Soules, said I, who oft attend  
 At the Almightyes Court,

My

My Case to you I do Commend,  
 That you may it report.  
 A Lord I have or rather had,  
 My VVell-beloved one ;  
 His Presence ul'd to make Me glad,  
 But, Ah, my Lord is gone !  
 If when you pray, He should acquaint  
 You with his Love and Grace,  
 Tell him from Me, my Heart doth Faint  
 And Languish for his Face.

9. VVho is, said they, this Lord of thine ?  
 O Fairest, Let us know.  
 VVherein does thine others out-Shine,  
 That thou dost Charge us so ?

10. My dearest Lord is white and Red ;  
 VVhite thro' his Purity,  
 Red thro' his Blood which He did Shed  
 For such a one as I.  
 VVas He not Red, but only VVhite,  
 The Lilly not the Rose,  
 He might delight the Angels Sight ;  
 But I am none of those.

118      **The Song of Songs**

Was He not white, but only Red,  
 A Sufferer for his Sin,  
 His Blood would Rest upon his Head,  
 Nor could I Joy therein.  
 But my Dear Lord is white and Red;  
 This mixture pleaseth Me,  
 For, for my Sins He Suffered,  
 VVhen He from Sin was Free,  
 What a reviving Sight is this?  
 A Righteous Saviours Blood,  
 The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliss,  
 Most pure, most Sweet and Good.  
 The Fond enchanted World admires  
 Their Idols here below.  
 Their Creeping, Groveling, poor desires  
 Their Childish minds do shew.  
 Did but my Glorious Lord appear,  
 O Did they Him but know,  
 What formerly their Glories were  
 Would be no longer So,  
 The lesser Lights all disappear,  
 VVhen once my Sun doth Shine;  
 And tho' Ten Thousand Lords were here,  
 None could be like to mine.

My



**Which is SOLOMONS.** 119

My Lord, He is the King of Kings,

The Fairest of all Fairer;

Of all your fine and boasted things

None with my Lord compares.

What's your thick Clay? your Stones bring

Which ye your Jewels call. (forth,

My Lord, He is of Real worth,

And goes beyond them all.

11. His God-head and his Government

Are Infinitely Pure,

Most Glorious and most excellent

And ever shall endure.

12. His is a pure and Piercing Ey,

Thro' all the Earth it moves.

Which the dark Hypocrite doth Spy,

And Secret good approves.

13. His Cheeks appear most Bright and

When He himself doth shew, (clear

Me thinks I in a Garden walk,

Where Flowers and Spices grow.

When He doth my Affections Stir

And Speaks unto my Mind,

**The Song of Songs**

Me thinks the Lillies drop with Myrrh,  
Such Savour do I find.  
So Sweet a Grace adorns his Face,  
His Face, like Heaven, doth Shine.  
And O what Musick do I hear,  
VVhen he saith, I am thine.

14. His Hands are like to Rings of Gold.  
The VVorks of my dear Lord  
Are Bright and comely to behold.  
His VVorks fulfil his VVord.  
The tender Bowels of his Love  
How precious they be !  
VVhen I am Griev'd, his Bowels move  
And loudly plead for Me.

15. The Sweet proceedings of my Lord  
Are like his purposes.  
Holy and Pure, and Firm and Sure ;  
Both Love and Stedfastness.  
His Countenance Majestical  
All Reverence doth Command.  
If He but Frowns on us, we fall,  
But if He Smiles, we stand

16. His

16. His Mouth is most exceeding Sweet,  
 All Sweetness, like an Hive.  
 One word of His like Honey is,  
 O How it doth Revive.  
 As I begun, should I go on  
 My Dearest Lord to Linne,  
 You'd say, all Sweets Compacted are  
 And Summed up in Him.  
 My Lord is larger then Desires,  
 Fairer then VVords can Show.  
 One comely part Fond Earth admires,  
 My Lord is wholly So.  
 O Heaven-Born Soules, This, This is He,  
 Of whom ye did enquire.  
 This is the Friend that Loveth Me,  
 This is my Hearts Desire.

---

The VERSION

CHAP. VI.

The Daughters of Jerusalem

1. **F**airest of Faires, if thus it be,  
 O whither is He gone?  
 Tell us, that we may seek with Thee  
 This thy Beloved one.

The

122 The Song of Songs

The Church

2. Down to his Garden He is gone,  
VWhere Beds of Spices are,  
That He may Feed and Feast thereon  
And Gather Lillies there.

3. I am my VVel-beloved ones  
My VVel-beloved's mine.  
He Feeds and Treads in pleasant meads,  
VWhere the Bright Lillies Shine.

CHRIST.

4. My Love, Like Tirzah, thou art Neat,  
And Like Jerusalem,  
And Like an Army so Compleat,  
Men Fly for fear of them.

5. O Turn away thine Eyes from Me,  
Thy Bright and Sparkling Eyes,  
To bear so great Felicity  
My Strength doth not Suffice.

Thy Hairy Locks are Like Goats Flocks  
Which from Mount Gillead Look.

6. So are thy Teeth like Well-shorn Sheep  
Come from the Washing-Brook.

They



They Pregnant are as well as Fair  
For Fruit as well as View,  
For Each of them her Twins doib bear,  
There's not one Barren Ear.

7. As Broke Pomegranate Seemeth Red  
And Shines exceeding Clear,  
So do the Temples of thy Head  
Within thy Locks appear.

8. Thrice Twenty Queens together Stand  
And Fourscore Concubines,  
And Virgins like the Numerous Sand,  
Which to the Sea adjoynes.

9. My Spotless Dove, She is but one,  
The Darling of her Mother,  
Who Love and prizes her alone,  
She knows not such another.  
The Daughters saw her comely Lines,  
And Prais'd her Lovely Face,  
Yea, all the Queens and Concubines  
Admir'd her Beauteous grace.

10. What Morn Looks forth? What Moon is  
What Sun may yonder be? (there)  
Fierce

124 **The Song of Songs**  
*Fierce Troupes with Flags display'd appear  
O what a One is She?*

11. *To the Nut-Garden down I went  
To See the Fruits below,  
Whether the Vines their Grapes did Vent,  
And the Pomegranates grow.*

12. *My Soul gave Me a sudden Twitch  
And made Me Nimble Slide,  
Like those Swift Chariots, in which  
Amminadib did Ride.*

13. *Return, Return, O Shulamite,  
Return, Return, Apace,  
That we may look with much delight  
Upon thy Glorious Face.  
What in the Shulamite, I pray,  
Do ye expect to See?  
Two Armies Set in good Array!  
Even such a One is She.*

---

*The PARAPHRASE.*

CHAP. VI.

**The Church**

I. **W** Hilest thus my Dearest Lord I  
Praised,  
As I could do no less, They

WISDOM IS SOLOMONS.

They heard, they Look'd, they Robb'd  
At my great Happiness. (Amaz'd

And when I Ceas'd, they thus reply'd,

O Fairest, we must needs  
Congratulate thy Blest Estate,  
Which ours so far exceeds.

O that we were in such a Case  
As we perceive thou art.

O that our Soules might find a place  
In thy Beloveds Heart.

Whither is thy Beloved gone ?

Pray, Let us go with Thee,  
To seek thy well-beloved one,  
Whose Face we Fain would See.

2. If you my dearest Lord would See,  
Then go unto his Court,  
Look where his Saints assembled be,  
Thither you must Resort.

For they his pleasure-Gardens are,  
Where He delights to be,  
They are his Comfort and his Care,  
There you my Lord may See.

Some Souls he Breeds, and some he Feeds,  
Others He doth remove.

Hence

Hence from his Lower Gardens to  
His Paradise above.

3. I am my Wel-beloved ones,  
My Wel-beloved's mine.  
To me his Love a Feast doth prove  
Beyond the Richest Wine.

### CHRIST

4. My Dearest Church, on whom I see  
A Fair and Royal Stamp,  
All Sweetness joyn'd with Majesty,  
Thou art both Court and Camp.

5. Thy Prayers are Arms, thy Praises,  
Thy Love is like a Dart. (Charms;  
Thy Faith and Graces are so Strong,  
They overcome my Heart.  
Thy Fair Profession I esteem,  
Because it Springs from Grace,  
Which makes thee yet more comely Seem,  
As Hair adorns the Face.

6. Thy Pastours which prepare thy Food,  
Do in their Minds agree,  
Their Lives and Doctrines both are good,  
And bring much Fruit to Me.

7. Thy



7. Thy Countenance so Shines with Grace,  
That many Hearts it moves.

Sweet Bashfulness on thy Fair Face,  
Its great advantage proves.

8. The World presents its Glorious shewes,  
But what are those to Me?

In my Dear Church, my only Spouse,  
All Glories do I See.

9. Earth's Pride would soon confounded be,  
Should but my Spouse appear,

Who to her Mother and to Me

Is so exceeding Dear.

Her Noble Birth and Real worth

Have Gain'd her so much Fame,

The greatest Princes of the Earth

Have Prais'd her Worthy Name.

10. Her Sweetness joyn'd with Majesty

Her Presence much Endear'd;

Her Power with her Purity

Made her both Lov'd and Fear'd.

11. I have been with my New-born Saints,

I have been down to See,

What

**The Song of Songs**  
What Buds were on my Tender Plants  
What hopes of Fruit for Me.

12. When my Dear Church, I hid my Face,  
Thou did'st thy self bemoan,  
I did but prove thy Faithful Love,  
When thou thought'st I was gone.  
My Bowels Tearn'd when thou did'st Cry,  
My Love did Me Constrain  
To hast apace, and Shew my Face  
To thy Grief'd Soul again.

13. Return, Return, My Dearest Church,  
Return, Return to Me.  
The Heavenly Quire and I desire  
Thy Blessed Face to See.  
My Heavenly Host, if ye would know  
My Churches State and Cause:  
She is Another Host below,  
And of an Awful Grace.

---

The VERSION  
CANTIC VIL  
CHRIST.

1. **O** Daughters of a Prince how Fair  
Are both thy Shooes and Feet!  
Thy

Thy Joynts and Thighes like Jewels are,  
Wrought by an Hand discreet.

2. Thy Navel, as a Cup Compleat,  
With Liqueur doth abound.

Thy Belly's like an Heap of Wheat,  
Which Lillies do Surround.

3. Thy two Breasts are like two Young Roes,  
Well Shap'd and Well-agreed,  
Both which are Loving Twins, And those  
Among the Lillies Feed.

4. Thy Neck, Like Ivory, is most Fair,  
And, like a Tower, most Strait.

Thine Eyes like Heshbons-Pools, which are  
Hard by Bath-Rabbim Gate.

Thy Nose is like to Lebanons Tower,  
The Tower which doth Command  
Damascus-Town, the Chiefest Flower  
Of all the Syrian Land.

5. Thine Head on thee like Carmel is,  
Thine Hair, Like Purple Stain'd.  
The Galleries so take his Eyes,  
The King is there detain'd.

138      **The Song of Songs**

How Fair art thou, how pleasant art,

My Love, unto my Sight!

So Sweetly Grac'd in every part,

Thou art my whole delight.

7. Unto a Palm-Tree I Compare,

Thy Stature Strait and Fine.

Thy Breasts appear both full and fair

Like Clusters of the Vine.

8. I said I will this Palm-Tree Climb,

I'll Search her Branches well,

Thy Breasts shall now like Clusters shew,

Thy Nose like Apples Smell.

9. Thy Palate's like the Choicest Wine

Which for my Friend I keep,

Which Sweetly Flowes, and causeth those

To Speak that are asleep.

**The Church**

10. I am my Welbeloved's own;

And He is wholly mine;

The Stream of His Affection

Doth towards me incline.

**II. Come**



**Which is SOLOMONS.**

**131**

1. Come, my Beloved, let us go  
Into the Fields abroad ;  
And in the Villages below  
Let's take up our abode.

2. Let's get up early in the Morn  
And to the Vineyards go ;  
To See what Fruits the Trees adorn,  
Whether the Vine doth grow.  
Whether the tender Grapes appear,  
And the Pomegranates thrive,  
( The Hopes of the Ensuing year )  
There thee my Loves I'll give.

3. The Mandrakes Smell, and at our door  
All pleasant Fruits there be,  
Both new and old which are my Store,  
Laid up, my Love, for Thee.

---

**The PARAPHRASE.**

**CHAP. VII.**

**CHRIST.**

1 **O** Daughter of the mighty God  
How comely are thy Feet ?

**K 2**

**With**

# The Song of Songs

With Gospel-Preparation Shod!

Thy Carriage how discreet?

2. Thou art both Fair and Fruitful too;

Great Numbers thou dost Breed,

Which with good Meales, the Word, and

Thou Liberally dost Feed. (Seals,

3. The two Breasts of thy Testaments

Most Friendly do Accord,

Which Nourishment and Sweet Content

To New Born Babes afford.

The Cryes of a distressed Soul,

These Breasts of Comfort Still.

These Breasts make glad whom Sin makes

These Breasts the Hungry Fill. (Sad.

4. Thy Faith is thy Strong Fort and Tower:

Thine Understanding clear.

Thy Judging and discerning Power

Informs when danger's near.

5. Thy Christ, thy Head of Eminence

All others doth exceed.

Thy Christ, thy Head of Influence

Thy Grace doth keep and Feed.

When

When thine Assemblies Exercise  
 Their Graces freely Given,  
 The King walks in those Galleries  
 As in another Heaven.

6. My Church who art most New, most Fair,  
 How Dear art thou and Sweet,  
 In whom all Sweets Compacted are,  
 In whom all Graces meet?

7. Under thy weight, thou Flourishest  
 As the Stout Palm-Tree doth.  
 My Church, the more thou art deprest  
 The greater is thy Growth.  
 The Breasts of thy two Testaments,  
 Like Clusters of the Vine,  
 Are full of Juice which for thy use  
 Yield Store of Heav'nly Wine.

8. When I perceiv'd thy Soul to thrive,  
 Like to a Fruitful Tree;  
 Then I drew near, that I might Cheer,  
 And Joy my Self in thee.  
 Nor did I empty Handed come,  
 But Added to thy Store;

134 The Song of Songs

Gods word came then more near and home,  
Thy Graces Scented more.

9. Thy Speech is like the Choicest Wine,  
So Lively and so Strong ;  
It makes the Sinners Heart divine,  
And Sanctifies his Tongue.

The Church.

10. My Dearest Lords Affection  
I cannot but admire.  
I am my Wel-beloveds own,  
I am His Hearts desire.

11. I gladly with my Lord Could talk,  
And Spend both Night and Day  
Come Lord let us together walk.  
Let us together Stay.

12. Come, Let's go see what Fruits and  
Adorn thy Garden place, (Flowers  
Under the Sun shine and the Showers  
Of dayes and meanes of Grace.  
Could I but see thy Children Spring,  
And in an happy Frame ;  
O how should I rejoyce and Sing,  
And Love Thee for the same !

13. Thy



13. Thy Saints their Services present,  
Which of Sweet Savour be:  
Saints New and old within my Tent,  
Are kept for Heav'n and Thee.

The VERSION.

CHAP. VIII.

The Church

1. **I** Would to God thou wert as near  
To Me as is my Brother,  
That fill'd the Lap and suckt the Pap  
Of my most tender Mother.  
VWhen I without should light on Thee,  
Then I thy Lips would Kiss;  
Yea, I should not despised be,  
Nor disesteem'd for this.  
I'd bring Thee to my Mothers Tent,  
VWho would instruct me there.  
Pomegranate-VVine of pleasant Scent  
Should be thy Royal Fare.

136      **The Song of Songs**

3. His Left Hand underneath my Head  
Should Lovingly be plac'd.  
His right Hand o're Me should be spread,  
Thus should I be embrac'd.

4. Ye Daughters of Jerusalem,  
'Tis you I Charge and bind,  
Not once to move, or wake my Love  
Untill it be his Mind.

**The Daughters of Jerusalem.**

5. Out of the Desert doth Ascend  
A comely Sight to see :  
One Leaning on her Dearest Friend,  
O what a One is She !

**The Church.**

Under the shady Apple-Tree  
Thee did I Raise and Rear.  
Thy Mother Travell'd there with Thee ;  
Thy Native Place was there.

6. O Seal mine Image on thy Heart,  
O Seal it on thy Arm :  
For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart ;  
And Jealousie is warm.

'Tis

'Tis like the Grave, whose keen desire  
Nothing can satisfy.

The Coals thereof are Coals of Fire  
That flame most vehemently.

7. Waters can't quench Loves Flame, nor  
Can Loves height overflow. (Floods  
If one for Love would give his Goods,  
The Price would be too low.

**The Jewish Church**

8. No Breasts on our small Sister grow,  
Nor is She yet Admir'd.

What shall we for our Sister do  
When She shall be desir'd?

**CHRIST**

9. We'll build on Her a Silver Court,  
If She a Wall shall be;

Or if a Door, Her we'll Support  
With Boards of Cedar-Tree.

**The Jewish Church**

10. I am a Wall both strong and Tall,  
My Breasts, like Towers, are round.

(I then his Sight did much delight,  
As One that Favour found.)

**CHRIST**

## CHRIST

11. At Baal-Hammon Solomon

A Vineyard did possess;

Keepers he sent to the intent

They might his Vineyard dress;

And thus with them he did agree,

That for the Fruit it gave,

A Thousand Silver pieces be,

Of each of them should have.

12. My Vineyard which belongs to Me

I know not how to Spare.

It ever Lies before mine Eys,

It is my Constant Care.

But thou, O Solomon, must have

A Thousand for thy Gains;

And those that keep its fruit may Crave

Two hundred for their pains.

13. And now Farewell thou that dost dwell

In Gardens here below;

As thy Companions hear thy Voice

So Let me hear it too.

The



The Church.

14. Haſt my Beloved like a Roe.

V Which ſoon her couſe fulfill;

O that thou wert like a Young Hart

Upon the Spicy Hills!

The PARAPHRASE.

CHAP. VIII.

The Church.

1. **L**Ord, that thou wert as near to Me  
As is my Mothers Son.

Such Freedom ſhould I have with Thee  
As if we both were one.

I would impart my very Heart

To one that was ſo near,

VVhole nearneſs ſhould advance my Love  
Above all Slavish fear.

2. Gods holy Church, my Mother Dear,  
Should Me ſuch Lectures Read;

I ſhould provide ſuch Heav'nly Cheer

VVhereon thou Lov'ſt to Feed,

3. And then ſhouldeſt thou thy Love  
The Riches of thy Grace, (display,

Thy

Thy left Hand then my Head should Stay,  
Thy Right my Heart embrace.

4. Christs Love my Heart doth so inflame,  
This Charge I needs must give;  
All ye that own his Sacred Name  
Do not his Spirit Grieve.

Lord leave us not; yet if thou wilt,  
With tears we'll own thy Right,  
But a Departure forc'd by Guilt  
Makes a Tempestuous Night.

### Weak Christians

5. *What Strange Aspiring Souls are those  
Which da this World disdain,  
Who on their Lord themselves repose,  
Heav'n's Kingdom to obtain?*

### The Church

Under thine Ordinances Shade  
I Sought and found thine Aid;  
For there thine Entrance first was made,  
Thy Graces first Conveigh'd.

6. Lord bear my Name upon thy Breast,  
Engrave it on thy Heart,

There

There let it be so Sure possesse  
 It thence may ne're depart.  
 For Love, like Death, doth cast its Dart;  
 Which wounds Me to the quick.  
 Thy presence, Lord, Supports my Heart,  
 Thy absence makes it Sick.  
 Shouldst thou but seemingly disdain  
 My Heart so deep Engag'd,  
 I Should be Tortur'd with such pain  
 As could not be asswag'd.  
 O Love Me, Lord, or else I dy,  
 Thee, Lord, my Love doth Crave;  
 My Lord Shouldst thou my Love deny,  
 My Love would be my Grave.  
 My Love doth Flame, my Jealousy  
 So burns my Heart and Eyes,  
 I must embrace my Lord, or I  
 Must be Loves Sacrifice.  
 7. Whose Seas of trouble cannot quench  
 Loves Everlasting Fire,  
 Though Hell oppose, whom I have Chose  
 I cannot but admire.

142      **The Song of Songs**

None but a Christ, none but my Lord,  
No Bribes can take with Me;  
A proffer'd world would be abhor'd,  
A Christ and none but He!

**The Jewish Church**

8. Remember the Blind Nations, Lord,  
Who in a Dungeon Grope,  
And lack the Sun-shine of thy VVord,  
Yet Prisoners are of hope.  
VVhen once the Hour of thy design  
Hath on these Captives Shone,  
When they are Call'd and own'd for thine,  
VVhat shall be further done?

**CHRIST.**

9. If they be Constant to my Name,  
And Firmly hold my Word,  
They shall be Blest with Strength and Fame  
And Honour'd by their Lord.  
If they will open at my Call,  
That I with them may dwell,  
I'll hold them fast and make them Last  
Against the Gates of Hell.

**The**



The Jewish Church.

10. Lord I am Constant to thy Name,  
And Firmly hold thy VVord.  
(I had a Smile upon the same  
From my most Gracious Lord.)

CHRIST

11. Do not admire nor imitate

Those who their Vineyards Let;  
Who of their profit do Abate  
That they some ease may get.

12. My Church and Vineyard is alway  
My care and my delight,  
I my self keep it every day,  
And Watch it every Night:  
Drest by my Hand, Watch'd by my E,  
Its Fruits to Me abounds.  
The Praise of its Fertility  
Wholly to Me Redounds.

13. My Dearest Church, who art Compos'd  
Of divers Companies,  
Now we have both our minds disclos'd,  
I tend with this advice.  
As all thy Members give an Ear  
Unto thy Gracions Strain,

**THE SONG OF SONGS**  
So let Me often from Thee Hear,  
Until we Meet again.

### **The Church**

14. Ah my Dear Saviour! pity Me,  
Preserve Me in thy Heart,  
And Oh make hast, make hast, that we  
May Meet and never part.

**DIVES**

DIVES  
AND  
LAZARUS  
A  
Sacred Poem.



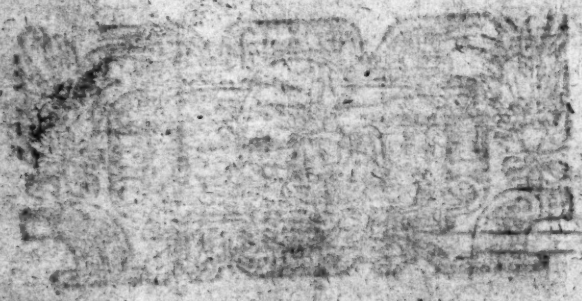
LONDON, Printed for Richard Norcliffe  
next St. Peters Alley in Cornhill and  
Marriner and Anchor upon Fleet-Street  
Street-Hill near London-Bridge. 1685.

REVISED

AND

LAZARUS

SECRET OF



LONDON: Printed for T. and A. Nodding, at the Sign of the Crown, in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1794.  
By J. H. Nodding, Printer, in the Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.

8  
I  
I  
A  
A  
W  
\*  
T  
N  
H  
N  
E



# DIVES AND LAZARUS:

**I**N *Judah's* Vale a Man of wealth abode,  
Vile as a Beast, yet Worship'd as a God.  
Who *Tyrian* Clothes and *Egypt's* Linnen ware,  
And on whose Table met Land, Sea and Air.

Beneath the Threshhold of his Out-moſt Gate  
A pale, deformed, Horrid Carcaſs Sate.  
Another *Job* — But of more Fixed woes,  
Who from his Dunghil never once aroſe.

\* *God-Help-Me* was his Name. God was his all.  
Thoſe few that knew him, *Lazarus* him did call.

{ *The End  
of  
Lazarus*

Need, pain and Scorn at once did on him ly.  
His Bed was Earth, his Covering was the Sky.  
Nothing had he to pay off Natures Scores.  
Empty he was of Bread, but full of Sores,

## DIVES and LAZARUS.

Hunger ( that Wrack ) will make a Man Confess  
 What modest Minds endeavour to suppress.  
 Sharp Hunger whets the Wit, and mends its Brain,  
 It hurts the Bowels, but it helps the Brain.

A Servant pass'd the Gate, where, lo ! he found  
 This Rueful Object groveling on the Ground.  
 Said *Lazarus*, Sir, if Pity be my due,  
 Give to your Master what I Give to You.

## LAZARUS his Petition.

**M**ost Noble Sir, I Humbly Crave,  
 What Nature doth exact from Me,  
 I am a Borderer on the Grave,  
 Half-shin with sharp Necessity.

For Childrens Bread I do not Call;  
 I do not Ask your Servants Fare;  
 Only the Sweepings of your Hall  
 I Beg; And what your Dogs may spare.

Doom Me not, Sir, to Perish at your Gate,  
 Who may Preserve Me at so cheap a Rate.  
 For Father Judah's sake some Fragments Give,  
 Ple serve You at Gods Altars whilst I live.

DIVES

DIVES his Answer.

**W**HAT Dog, is this that dares Presume on Me?  
 Accurst be all such Crawling Toads as He.  
 Pests of my Gate, Vermin that Creep so Nigh  
 — I Hate 'em. Let him Rot and die.

In vain the poor Mans thoughts pursu'd his Suit:  
 The Dogs were humane, but their Lord a Brute:  
 They left their Snarling to their Masters Face.  
 They Ran and Lazarus gently did embrace.  
 He was the pity'd Patient of those Hounds,  
 Whose lambent Tongues did cool his burning Wounds.

This done, the squalid Vallals of the Times  
 Scorn'd ragged Virtue, Honour'd purple Crimes.  
 Things are misjudged by the purblind Ey,  
 Which views their Posture, not their tendency.  
 Till Justice wakes to Right its injur'd Lawes,  
 Which doth not Weigh the Person, but the Cause.

Nor Rags, nor Sores, are Clouds that can disguise  
 A splendid Soul to Heavens Soul-searching Eyes:  
 Earths Lazarus was Heavens Dives; Earths disdain  
 Was a meet Guest for Heaven to entertain.  
 Now comes the Golden Hour that sets him free  
 From his Apprenticeship to Misery.  
 His Corps (the Graves old Neighbour) long Undrest  
 At length is slipt into its Bed of Rest.

## PIES and LAZARDS

A Treasure 'tis, tho' Funeral-costs it wants.  
*The Richest Mineral is the Dust of Saints.*  
He was his own (most serious) Mourner here.  
He mourn'd enough. He needs no hired tear.

The time is come, that *Lazarus* must be clad  
With such fine Linnen, *Dio's* never had.  
The time is come, that *Lazarus* must be Fed  
With Heavens rich juices, and with Angels Bread.

There is a Table richly Spread above,  
There is an Everlasting Feast of Love,  
A Feast which Friends and Friendship doth maintain:  
Pale Envy is not there, nor proud disdain.  
They all are One; In One they all agree.  
One is their all, which makes all one to be.  
Here's height of Mirth with Depth of seriousness  
Plenty without the Hazard of excess.  
Here are full joyes in Hand, full joyes in view.  
Here Wine and Appetite are ever new.  
Ever begins their Feast and ne're doth end,  
Whom growing Loaves and Living Springs attend.  
Their Harps are well-string Hearts, well-tuned Tongues  
And Sacred Hallelujahs are their Songs.  
Here sit the Saints. Here the Believers Sire  
Is Nobly Seated in his rich attire.  
Hither the King of Heaven new Guests doth call.  
Nor can he come too late, that comes at all.

The Mighty One who dwells and Rules on High  
Angels attend with an obedient Ey.  
The Secrets of his Breasts they do not Skill,  
But are the trusty Servants of his Will.

Thus



## DIVES and LAZARUS.

Thus charg'd be them. "*Bring Lazarus to the Feast,*  
*" And let him take his place next Abrahams Breast.*  
 They heard with reverence, and obey'd their King;  
 Joy rais'd their Hearts, and nimbly Shook their Wing.  
 They fled from Heaven, yet Heaven was with them still;  
 It was their Heaven to do their Masters will.  
 They stop'd not at the Stars (that pompous show)  
 Who went to view a Brighter Star below.  
 The point design'd they well did understand,  
 Who had old Voyagers been to *Canaan's Land*.  
 There had they been *Lots* Guests (who was their Ward)  
 There had they been *Elisba's* Flaming Guard.  
 In that Land chiefly lay their Lords affairs.  
 They traffiq'd there for Soules (those precious Wares.)

Soon came they where Sick *Lazarus* had his Lare.  
 They stop'd and wait'd for their Messenger.  
 No Visitant found they with him, but the Lord;  
 No Nurse, but Faith; No Cordial, but the Word.  
 They heard him praying, "*Lord, some mercy Show,*  
 \* *For I can find no mercy here below.*  
 This said, he Sigh'd and was of Life bereav'd.  
 He gave his Soul, and they his Soul receiv'd.  
 With Shouts and Songs triumphant up they went,  
 And to the Company did him present.  
 They Shouted all, and joy'd the new-come Guest.  
 He gently stroups and leans on *Abrahams Breast*.

Whom *Dives* curs'd and stately Fooles disdain'd,  
 How is he Blest! How is he Entertain'd!  
 Tho' Virtue here on Earth neglected lies,  
 Yet Heaven will raise it. For 'tis born to rise.  
*Dives*, that Silken God, must never dy  
 Unless his Creatures and false prophets ly.

He's safe, if Death be cast as far behind  
 His Body, as it is below his Mind,  
 He's alwayes young; He learns it from his Glass,  
 Which smoothes his furrow'd Brow and paints his Face,  
 But a Cold-striking Hand confutes the Ly.  
 Down falls his Flattering Glass, His Fancies dy.  
 His Garden-walkes must him no longer know,  
 The Life-tree in his Garden doth not grow,  
 His Palace must be chang'd for a dark Tomb,  
 That was his Inn, but this must be his Home,  
 He must no longer at his Table stay,  
 The Voider (Death) is come to take away,  
 Death, that abhorr'd (both Name and) thing, comes on,  
 And potently torments this potent One,  
 It makes amazing breaches, and in short  
 Harsh Seiz'd the out-works and attacks the Fort.  
 In what a wretched posture does he Ly!  
 He cannot Live, and yet he dares not dy.  
 His Debt must be distrain'd; For he'll not pay  
 Nor yield his Ghost; It must be fetch'd away.  
 He Sprunts, he struggles; But Death keeps him under,  
 And with one stroke tears Flesh and Soul asunder.  
 Then rang the House with his five Brethrens cries,  
 Alas, our Brother! So they clos'd his Eyes.  
 His outward parts are wash'd; His inner Rooms  
 Stuff'd with *Arabian* Sweets and rich perfumes.  
 Now Death his Purple is. Now he's allow'd  
 Fine Linnen too: But 'tis a Funeral Shroud.  
 Grave-fac'd Spectatours with their Garments torn  
 And Shrouded Lips attend. The Room doth mourn.  
 Ah what a poor revenge is this on Fate,  
 For him that cannot Live, to ly in state!

Amidst

## DIVES and LAZARUS

Amidst the Gazing-Crowd the Bearers come,  
With pomp they bring him to his painted Tomb;  
Minstrels and Trumpeters their Noises joyn,  
And Women sell false tears for Currant coyn;  
Now leaft his Friends should in Salt Streams be drown'd  
The Cup of consolation goes its round.  
But stay, my Soul; 'Tis Death that thou must view,  
Not Shadowes which dead Bodies do Enfue.

What a dark Notion and abstrusity  
Is this to living Men, that they must dy.  
Grim Death on his pale Horse triumphant rides,  
He strikes us through our nearest Kinsmans sides.  
Yet are we Senseless as the Stupid Mule,  
Live as Exceptions from the common Rule.  
We cast a Cloth o're Death; 'tis soon forgot;  
We Charm the Serpent and it stings us not.

Now might one let this pleasant Error pass,  
If Death was all. But Death his Second has,  
When once the dissolution-hour is come,  
Out goes the Soul to hear her Final Doom.

You who have Slightly heard the Funeral-Knell,  
Now hear the voice which Dooms thy Ghost to Hell.  
For those whose Hearts an Earthquake will not Shake,  
Thro' Heavens loud-roaring Cannons may awake.

Dives black Ghost (all horror and despair)  
Is from its Prison Snatch'd to th' dismal Bar.  
Behind him the impatient Devils roar.  
His Sins (those worst of Devils) stand before.

With

With terrors thus belieg'd in every place,  
 He hears a Voice, but might not see the Face.  
 The Voice was roaring Thunder in his Ears.  
 The words were tearing Balts and Flaming Spears.  
 "To damned Ghosts, Come Devils take your prey.  
 Smack with this Thunder, down he sunk, he fell,  
 And was a triumph to the Fiends of Hell.  
 Th' ingenious Tyrants did a Council pack,  
 Their Malice set their wits upon the wrack.  
 When they had jointly study'd to Torment,  
 For their pale prisoner then in haile they sent.  
 They Chain'd and Itak'd him to a furious Flame,  
 Where constant streames of Brimstone feed the same.  
 Behold Sins Martyr, and Hells Sacrifice!  
 He Yells and howles and Vents unply'd cries.  
 He finds no Friendly Ear or tender Ey.  
 He feels a thousand Deaths but cannot dy.  
 Like burning Brasse he's Fir'd in every part.  
 A Vultur lives upon his Living heart.  
 God's gone, he's gone. And what an Hell is this  
 To be depriv'd of everlasting Bliss!  
 O this Eternal Banishment is worse  
 Then all the Remnant of the Dooms-day curse.  
 This Hell of Hell may thus be understood,  
 No torments are so bad as God is good.  
 Besides an Appetite in Man doth ly.  
 Which nothing but a God can satisfy.  
 And tho' this Appstite be here deluded  
 By Various objects, in Gods room obtruded.  
 Yet when at Death all these are laid aside,  
 Then thirsts the Soul for God, but is deny'd.

This



# DIVES and LAZARUS

This thirst unquench'd is such an inward Flame,  
An Hell in Hell is its deserved Name.  
In Hell there cannot be an Atheist.  
'Tis Hell in Hell that God is dearly mist.

Poor Dives cries, "The God, for whom I Starv'd,  
"I cannot see, because I would not seee;  
"I bleed to think (and thinking is my Fate)  
"He often Knocked at my Bolled Gate.  
"Where are those Baies on which my Lusts did prey,  
"The price for which I cast my self away?  
"Where now's my Pomp and pride, my Feasts and sports,  
"Whose Chains detain'd me from the Sacred Courts?  
"O did my House so near the Temple stand?  
"O did I perish out of Judah's Land?  
"Might I be try'd once more! But 'tis too late,  
"Justice hath Lock'd the Golden Mercy Gate.  
"Now I believe, and tremble, I repent,  
"But my Repentance is my punishment.  
"It is not Virtue but necessity,  
"Alas how miserably wise am I?  
"Might I return now to that happy Night  
"Which veil'd me Ere my Parents saw the Light,  
"Ah me! must I ly here, and ne're come out?  
He raves and flings his curls round about.  
He curs'd both Heaven and Hell, he curs'd the Earth,  
He curs'd the day that witness'd to his Birth,  
But neither can his tears his griefs assuage,  
Nor does it cool his Heart to vent his Rage.  
This keen reflection makes the Furnace Glow,  
"It must be ever with me as 'tis now.  
"Hells Flames no Ashes will produce: But I  
"Must ever dying Live, and Living dy.

- "Soules for themselves the Balm of Patience bear,  
 "Tis the Poors Physick, but it grows not here,  
 "My Soul is fill'd with Home-bred tears and Taunts,  
 "Tis its own Fury. And it self it haunts,  
 "Pity was wont in miseries House to dwell,  
 "But I am hailed by the Howls of Hell,  
 "Time us'd to be a Surgeon good at Wounds  
 "But I am got beyond its happy Bounds,  
 "A Vessel charg'd with Scalding wrath am I  
 "Hoop'd in the Circle of Eternity.

You who affect the pleasant path to Hell,  
 And Love damnation in its causes well,  
 Look straight before you on your Journeys End,  
 Do ye not see th' infernal Smoak ascend?  
 Have not some Sparks into your Bosomes Flown,  
 Whereby the Neighb'ring coasts may well be known,  
 Bold Sinner, stop. No further progress make,  
 Least your next step be in the Fiery Lake.  
 But, Oh! He ridicules his Soules Affairs  
 And labours to be damn'd at unawares  
 His humour will not bear a Countermand,  
 Alas for them who hate to understand!  
 Who on their Soules Experiments will try  
 At the charge of a sad Eternity.  
 Alas for them, who never will awake,  
 Till they are plung'd into the burning Lake!

Dives was here struck blind with Flatt'ring lies,  
 Now the Hell-brand lifts up his Flaming Eyes,  
 He spies the Region where the happy dwell,  
 But Heaven at distance is another Hell.

## DIVES AND LAZARUS.

He spies a Canaan's Feast; For chiefly there,  
The Natives of his Country do appear.

He spies Blest Abraham with his faithful Race,  
And Lazarus sitting next to Abraham's place.

Oh! How it twinges and torments his Eyes?  
His scorn to Envy turns; And thus he cries,

"The Scoundrel who lay Starving at my Gate,

"Is now a Peer in Heaven, an Angels Mate.

"The Beggar sits and Feeds on Angels Fare.

"His Rags are Robes, such as Heavens Nobles wear,

"The Dog whom in derision once I had,

"Is turn'd into a Star; which makes me Mad.

Now Dives is the Beggar, and applies  
Himself to Abraham with his mournfull cries,

## DIVES his Petition.

**A**H Father Abraham, Pity me  
Who with tormenting Flames am Stung,

For Pity whether should I Flee

But to the Bowels whence I Sprung?

The Grapes Rich blood I do not Crave,

Waters Cheap Element will Suffice.

And tho' my Tongue thirsts for a wave,

For one poor drop it only cries.

By Lazarus misdrest: Pity may you please of me  
To ease my Scorched Tongue one moments ease

12 **DEATH and LAZARUS.**  
I dwell in Flames and Flames in Me do dwell.  
O for a drop from Heaven to Sweeten Hell.

Mark how the wheel is turn'd. The time is come.  
He begs a drop who once deny'd a Crumb.  
Right-thinking Judges then must needs approve  
The tart and equal Answer from above.



### ABRAHAM'S Answer.

**A**Rt thou forlorn of God, and com'st to me?  
What can I tell thee then but misery?  
Remember, Son, the Heaven thy Feet have Trod,  
Earth was thy Heaven, and pleasure was thy God.  
Remember *Lazarus* had his Hell below.  
Thou wast the Devil which did cause his woe.  
Now are his Rags Heavens Robes with glorious Beams.  
Thy purple, Flames; Thy juncats, Sulphurous streams.

**A**Is he thy wish who was thy Scorn before,  
Shall *Lazarus* now be well-come to thy door?  
And dost imagine some fair Bridge to ly  
Betwixt the White and Black Eternity?  
No, there's a mighty Gulf which rends in twain,  
The Fiery Region and the *Aetherial* Plain.  
We are too happy to be dispossess'd,  
And you so curst you can ne're be Bless'd.  
We are so rais'd that we can never fall.  
And you so sunk, you cannot rise at all.

Quod



Once Angels went from Heaven to Hell; But first  
They blackned were to Devils and accurst.  
Since those Stars fell, none of the Heavenly hosts  
Or did or shall Visit th' infernal coasts.  
To you it is bitter, but to us 'tis Sweet,  
That we are parted and must never meet.  
Heaven were not Heaven, if it near Hell were plac'd.  
Nor Hell were Hell, if it of Heaven might tast.  
Can our pure Light with Smoak and darkness dwell  
The Poles shall sooner meet then Heaven and Hell.

Tho' Speech availles not, wracking misery,  
Extorts from him another fruitless cry.



## DIVES his Second Petition

**I**F such an Envious Gulf there be,  
Yet, Father, Lend an Ear to me.  
From Earth to Heaven, a way is Pav'd.  
How else came Lazarus to be Sav'd.  
Let me so Small a Boon Entreat,  
That Lazarus may his steps repeat.  
And that he may Imbody'd go,  
And tell the Stories of my Wo  
To my Five Brethren, who all dwell within  
My Fathers House (O had he never been.)  
Brethren in Bonds of Nature and of Sin.  
O let him tell them, that there is a God,  
Whose Scepter is a Sin-revenging Rod.

## 74 DIVES and LAZARUS.

And let him tell them that advent'ous drolls,  
 Shall find unto their costs that they have Soules;  
 Mine Struck 7th Scabbard; Till its angry Lord  
 Unsheath'd it, and it prov'd a Flaming Sword.  
 That Limbeck, Death, draws Spirits from our Clay,  
 To th' Element of Soules they hast away.  
 And let him tell them, that the Sadduce  
 Shall be Hells Convert, and recant with me.  
 Whilest they ly Sleeping on the brink of Hell,  
 The Smoak they see nor, nor the Brimstone Smell.  
 There they'l disport themselves with Golden dreams,  
 Till they betray 'em to these burning Streams.  
 But let him Scare them with an hollow Sound,  
 That they (like Lot) may Flee their cursed Ground.  
 O send him quickly leass they Tumble in,  
 And prove the Flaming Records of my Sin.  
 Can I no water get at my desire;  
 Tet, O, no more, no more, new Fleakes of Fire.

This Abraham heard with Unrelenting eares,  
 No pity's due to Hell-Hounds cries and fears.



## ABRAHAM'S Answer.

Once Heaven bow'd down and touch'd the Arabian  
 And gave a Sampler of the Sacred will. (Hill,  
 To Moses Hands, that chosen Man of God;  
 Copies were taken and dispers'd abroad.

(So

## DIVES and LAZARUS.

( So his kind Arms abroad the River Flings,  
So the free Sun extends his fruitful Wings;  
As this most Sacred Light it self displays,  
And Gilds the Tents of Jacob with its Raies )  
For Saints to come from God there *No* cause  
Himself came down and did promulge his Laws.  
Needs *Lazarus* take a Journey from the Sky,  
When Wisdom at your Brethrens Gates doth cry,  
Let them hear *Moses* read by their Divines  
I'th' Synagogue, to which their House adjoyns.  
And let them hear the Reverend Prophets next  
Those wondrous Commentatours on the Text.

### DIVES his Reply.

**M**oses ( 'tis true ) was an *Unerring Guide*,  
So were those *Sixteen* Prophets on his side.  
This I as much believe, as if I saw  
The *Flaming Mount*, and heard the *Fiery Law*,  
When every word was accented with *Thunder*,  
Which Rent those *Oakes*, the *Jewish hearts* asunder.  
'Tis here as necessary to believe,  
As it is *Natural* to feel and grieve.  
I that am now a proof of *Sacred Writ*,  
Do argue backwards with my *After-wit*.  
Hell in the *Threatnings* tho' I did not See,  
The *Threatnings* are in *Hell* made plain to Me.  
I Skowl'd upon the *Heavens* when they did *Downe*.  
The *Clouds* I fear'd not, but I feel the *Shower*.  
Nothing will move my *Brethren* but a *Sign*,  
Experience is the powerfullst Divine.

Faith is the Child of Sense, whereas Report  
 Is Emerean'd with Blasphemy or Sport,  
 They have a Sword to Cut the Gordian Knot,  
 Moses saith many things but proves them not,  
 And tho' they h<sup>ave</sup> a Substantial proofe there be,  
 Nothing is prodess<sup>ed</sup> them but what they See.  
 Had they an Emassary from above,  
 The very Sight a Future state would prove,  
 Might be but tell them of your Heavenly Strand,  
 They'd all turn Pilgrims for that Holy Land,  
 Or might be preach the Torments which I feel,  
 His words would wound like burning Gads of Steel.  
 His words would tear down all, like Thundring Guns,  
 Beyond the faint attempts of Levies Sons.

O were I of this cursed Chain Releas'd !  
 With that he gnash'd his teeth and knock'd his breast,  
 Might I be to the Earth a Preacher sent,  
 I'de burn up Sin like Strubble where I went,  
 I'de Smoak away their Lusts and Flattering Lies,  
 Or forth I'de drive them with my Glaring Eyes,  
 I'de blow a Trumpet which should Rend the Ground,  
 Their Trembling Hearstrings should in Consort Sound,  
 I'de reach the faithless Sadencees their Creed,  
 And make the Pharisees to pray indeed,  
 I'de tell the Ramers such a doleful Tale,  
 That they should mourn as in Megiddons Vale,  
 I'de unbewitch the Sots and Slaves of Sin,  
 That such a Reformation should begin,  
 As in Josiah's time did not befall,  
 And the next Age should Canvass 'em all.

Abrahams



ABRAHAM'S Rejoynder.

**A** Preaching Apparition would confound  
 Heaven-daring Giants with its dreadful Sound.  
 None quake so soon as those who Heaven do dare,  
 Who fear not God, the greatest Cowards are.  
 But were the coast once clear, the shake once o're,  
 The Lees would settle as they did before.

*It was a waking Dream, they would conclude,  
 A Juggle which our Senses did delude.  
 Or did we something see? And something hear?  
 Yet whence it came, it doth not yet appear.*  
 Nay, they would gravely reason out the Case,  
*What we can grasp, we gladly will Embrace.  
 The rest we leave. To them let Children heark,  
 And fright themselves with Fancies in the dark.*  
*What is a Spirit? What's Infinity?  
 What does the word [ Eternal ] signify?*  
 Charm'd are their Soules with this Oration made,  
 And now their fear shall vanish like the Shade.

*Thus Fools (tho' pounded) will not lose a Grain,  
 And Frozen Snakes, when thaw'd, will hiss again.*

One now, thou that pretend'st to Admire the Man,  
 Something there needs must be, which ne're began,  
 All were nothing once, So 'twould be now.  
 Number from bare Cyphers could not grow.  
 Nothing's a Barren Womb. If that could breed,  
 To be and not to be were well agreed.

One point is gain'd, that something ever was.  
 This hard word, Ever; You must let it pass.  
 Know'st thou how far this Ever doth extend?  
 You must grant what you cannot Comprehend.  
 But what was Ever? This Imperial Robe  
 Suits not the azure nor the Verdant Globe.  
 One is a turning Wheel that Spins out time,  
 The other Pooles with Spots of hardned slime.  
 Now mark the kinds of each, and you shall find  
 Unto their proper Sphears they are Confin'd.  
 Hereby is their Original Confest,  
 There's but a partial goodness in the best.  
 This is the Voice of their infirmity,  
 " Mere Beggars and Derivatives are we.  
 What's of it self, that doth its self Suffice,  
 'Tis from our Creatureship our wants arise.  
 What's of it self, that in it self is Blest,  
 'Tis its own Center and at perfect rest.  
 Rich is that Being whence all Beings are,  
 And whence each Being has its proper Share.  
 Nor is't a wonder of so High degree  
 To make to be, as of it self to be.  
 Something then ever was, which needs must be,  
 From all the shades of Imperfections free.  
 Hence are we. And to think, in vain we are,  
 Is to condemn his Wisdom at our Bar.  
 As Men the Badge of their dependance wear  
 On their frail Fleh ( the Graves probationer )  
 And on their hearts, whole restless Motions show  
 Something they want, which is not here below :  
 So must they own whom they are fore'd to know,  
 And pay themselves to whom themselves they Ow.  
 Neither would this their Light of comfort Dim,  
 But they should serve themselves in serving him.

# DIVES and LAZARUS

19

*When Graves upr'd proud Gravesstones with their Lies,  
Gods Servant is a Tule never dies.*

The Thoughts in Man do prove his Soul to be;  
His Conscience bodes his immortality.  
This Bosom-Magistrate his Facts espies  
And binds him over to the last Assize.  
He trembles at his Summons to appear.  
His fear makes not a God, God makes his fear.  
Religion by Corroding doth assay  
Even thro' an heart of Rock to force its way.  
O might he to himself be so Sincere,  
To strive to please whom he's constrain'd to fear.

Yet will he be a Vagrant all his days,  
Without a Method to direct his ways.  
What Ey e're pierc'd th' Almightyes Sacred Breast,  
Himself knowes only what will please him best.

Since Man was made to serve his Makers will,  
Which is an Height transcending humane Skill,  
A Rule must needs be granted from on High  
For him to regulate his Actions by.  
This Heaven-sprung Rule that Sacred Roll contains,  
Which in the Consecrated Land remains.  
Its words and Mysteries are all Divine,  
And weighty Mountains hang on every Line.  
It (Sun-like) Shines by its own Golden Beams.  
And scorns its base Corrivals Senseless Dreams.  
Those Spangles which the Heathen Sages left  
Were from this Mine snatch'd by an Honest Theft.  
Give me that hardy Brow, that dares deny  
The Bibles well-attested History,  
Moses said many things, and prov'd them too  
With proofes, which all Hells magick did out-do.

Gods

Gods power he carry'd in his Hands, to show  
That from his Mouth the truths of God did flow,  
And his Credentials on his Face did shine,  
Which there were written by a Beam Divine.  
The gazing *Jews* were struck, who plainly saw  
That whence he had his Light, he had his Law.

Those Sections which the Sacred Code began,  
Were by an Age of wonders usher'd in.  
The Prophets' superstructure firmly stands  
On two hewn Stones laid by th' Almighty's Hands.  
They count the footsteps of their coming Lord,  
They view the Mercy-seat with one accord.  
One tells his Name, another tells his place.  
Another writes the Beauties of his Face.  
Thus is he Glanc'd at by their piercing Eyes.  
The last of them his Harbinger espies.  
And O the brisk, the Charming Airs that Spring  
From the consent of each Harmonious string!  
He's over-wise who dreads Fictitious lines  
From hands unbrib'd and Hearts without designs.  
They wrote beyond themselves. Which serve to prove  
Their hearts and Hands were guided from above.  
The Worlds just Age, and what was done of old  
Are in this Sacred Register enroll'd.  
Here may be seen the pristine state of Man,  
And, that *Niles* Head, the Source where ills began,  
Here may be seen what makes a second Spring.  
Here is the best account of every thing.  
The Wonders witness'd now by mortal Eyes,  
Are but the products of its Prophecies.  
The *Scriptures* rule the World. Till this shall burn,  
All Ages on that *Axle-Tree* shall turn.

This



## DIVES and LAZARUS

This Heaven-inspired Volume doth avow  
What reason may embrace or must allow.  
When God describes himself, 'tis such an height  
As far surmounts quick fancies highest Flight.  
'Tis Reason; Reason should be puzzled here.  
Man should be God if he knew what he were.  
To these Vast heights thus sober Reason saith,  
I set the Scales. And yields the Chair to Faith.  
Now the Almighty's Word shall Vermin flight,  
When Heaven and Earth bear witness to its Might.  
Vast Numbers from his Word at first did flow,  
And must his Word pass for a Cypher now?  
Nay. His Commands at first Creations were,  
And now his Word Commands and gives an Ear;  
It is a Sun that gives both Light and Eyes,  
A Voice that bids and makes the dead arise.  
It make Clods, Stars; And sends them to the Sky  
And turneth Heaven into a Colony.

Unbelief is not Reason but a Lust.  
Gods Hand and Sword give it its mortal thrust,  
The Law of the two Tables will prevail,  
When other ( self-invented ) means shall fail.  
Whilst other Archers Level in the Dark,  
The Arrowes from Gods Quiver hit the mark.

What Voices or what Visions would you have;  
Gods Voice ( or nothing ) will your Brethren save;  
New Methods of Salvation to contrive  
Is fruitless Labour. Let 'em hear and Live,  
But if they wo'n't, their *Misgivings* is Seal'd.  
A stubborn Patient never can be heal'd.

*If Preachers rais'd by God they will disdain,  
Preachers rais'd from the Grave should Preach in vain.*

**FINIS.**



# ADVERTISEMENT.

**G**nomoniques, or the Art of drawing  
Sun-Dyals, on all sorts of Planes,  
by different Methods, with the Geome-  
trical Demonstrations of all the Ope-  
rations.

By Mr. De La Hire of the Royal  
Academy of Sciences.

Rendered into English and Illustrated  
by an Example in Numbers.

By John Leek Professor of the Ma-  
thematicks.

25 JU 67



